

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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EMERSON.¹

Forty years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, voices were in the air there which haunt my memory still. Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! they are a possession to him for ever. No such voices as those which we heard in our youth at Oxford are sounding there now. Oxford has more criticism now, more knowledge, more light; but such voices as those of our youth it has no longer. The name of Cardinal Newman is a great name to the imagination still; his genius and his style are still things of power. But he is over eighty years old; he is in the Oratory at Birmingham; he has adopted, for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day, a solution which, to speak frankly, is impossible. Forty years ago he was in the very prime of life; he was close at hand to us at Oxford; he was preaching in St. Mary's pulpit every Sunday; he seemed about to transform and renew what was to us the most national and natural institution in the world—the Church of England. Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtile, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still, saying: "After the fever of life, after weariness and sicknesses, fight-

ings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state—at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision." Or, if we followed him back to his seclusion at Littlemore, that dreary village by the London road, and to the house of retreat and the church which he built there—a mean house, such as Paul might have lived in when he was tent-making at Ephesus, a church plain and thinly sown with worshippers—who could resist him there either, welcoming back to the severe joys of church-fellowship, and of daily worship and prayer, the firstlings from a generation which had well nigh forgotten them? Again I seem to hear him: "The season is chill and dark, and the breath of the morning is damp, and worshippers are few; but all this befits those who are by profession penitents and mourners, watchers and pilgrims. More dear to them that loneliness, more cheerful that severity, and more bright that gloom, than all those aids and appliances of luxury by which men nowadays attempt to make prayer less disagreeable to them. True faith does not covet comforts; they who realise that awful day, when they shall see Him face to face, whose eyes are as a flame of fire, will as little bargain to pray pleasantly now as they will think of doing so then."

Somewhere or other I have spoken of these "lost enchantments of the

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Middle Age" which Oxford sheds around us, and here they were! But there were other voices sounding in our ear besides Newman's. There was the puissant voice of Carlyle; so sorely strained, over-used, and mis-used since, but then fresh, comparatively sound, and reaching our hearts with true, pathetic eloquence. Who can forget the emotion of receiving in its first freshness such a sentence as that sentence of Carlyle upon Edward Irving, then just dead: "Scotland sent him forth a herculean man; our mad Babylon wore and wasted him with all her engines—and it took her twelve years!" A greater voice still—the greatest voice of the century—came to us in those youthful years through Carlyle: the voice of Goethe. To this day—such is the force of youthful associations—I read the *Wilhelm Meister* with more pleasure in Carlyle's translation than in the original. The large, liberal view of human life in *Wilhelm Meister*, how novel it was to the Englishman in those days! and it was salutary, too, and educative for him, doubtless, as well as novel. But what moved us most in *Wilhelm Meister* was that which, after all, will always move the young most—the poetry, the eloquence. Never surely was Carlyle's prose so beautiful and pure as in his rendering of the Youths' dirge for Mignon: "Well is our treasure now laid up, the fair image of the past. Here sleeps it in the marble, undecaying; in your hearts, also, it lives, it works. Travel, travel, back into life! Take along with you this holy earnestness, for earnestness alone makes life eternity." Here we had the voice of the great Goethe—not the stiff, and hindered, and frigid, and factitious Goethe who speaks to us too often from those sixty volumes of his, but of the great Goethe, and the true one.

And besides those voices, there came to us in that old Oxford time a voice also from this side of the Atlantic—a clear and pure voice, which for my ear, at any rate, brought a strain as new,

and moving, and unforgettable, as the strain of Newman, or Carlyle, or Goethe. Mr. Lowell has well described the apparition of Emerson to your young generation here, in the distant time of which I am speaking, and of his workings upon them. He was your Newman, your man of soul and genius visible to you in the flesh, speaking to your bodily ears—a present object for your heart and imagination. That is surely the most potent of all influences! nothing can come up to it. To us at Oxford Emerson was but a voice speaking from three thousand miles away. But so well he spoke, that from that time forth Boston Bay and Concord were names invested to my ear with a sentiment akin to that which invests for me the names of Oxford and Weimar; and snatches of Emerson's strain fixed themselves in my mind as imperishably as any of the eloquent words which I have been just now quoting. "Then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, poetry, and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men." "What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand." "Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the Divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age; betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest spirit the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay plastic under the almighty effort, let us advance and advance on chaos and the dark!" These lofty sentences of Emerson, and a hundred others of

like strain, I never have lost out of my memory ; I never *can* lose them.

At last I find myself in Emerson's own country, and looking upon Boston Bay. Naturally I revert to the friend of my youth. It is not always pleasant to ask oneself questions about the friends of one's youth ; they cannot always well support it. Carlyle, for instance, in my judgment, cannot well support such a return upon him. Yet we should make the return ; we should part with our illusions, we should know the truth. When I come to this country, where Emerson now counts for so much, and where such high claims are made for him, I pull myself together, and ask myself what the truth about this object of my youthful admiration really is. Improper elements often come into our estimate of men. We have lately seen a German critic make Goethe the greatest of all poets, because Germany is now the greatest of military powers, and wants a poet to match. Then, too, America is a young country ; and young countries, like young persons, are apt sometimes to evince in their literary judgments a want of scale and measure. I set myself, therefore, resolutely to come at a real estimate of Emerson, and with a leaning even to strictness rather than to indulgence. That is the safer course. Time has no indulgence ; any veils of illusion which we may have left around an object because we loved it, Time is sure to strip away.

I was reading the other day a notice of Emerson by a serious and interesting American critic. Fifty or sixty passages in Emerson's poems, says this critic—who had doubtless himself been nourished on Emerson's writings, and held them justly dear—fifty or sixty passages from Emerson's poems have already entered into English speech as matter of familiar and universally current quotation. Here is a specimen of that personal sort of estimate which, for my part, even in speaking of authors dear to me, I

would try to avoid. What is the kind of phrase of which we may fairly say that it has entered into English speech as matter of familiar quotation ? Such a phrase, surely, as the "Patience on a monument" of Shakespeare ; as the "Darkness visible" of Milton ; as the "Where ignorance is bliss" of Gray. Of not one single passage in Emerson's poetry can it be truly said that it has become a familiar quotation like phrases of this kind. It is not enough that it should be familiar to his admirers, familiar in New England, familiar, even, throughout the United States ; it must be familiar to all readers and lovers of English poetry. Of not more than one or two passages in Emerson's poetry can it, I think, be truly said, that they stand ever-present in the memory of even most lovers of English poetry. Very many passages of his poetry are no doubt perfectly familiar to the mind and lips of the critic whom I have mentioned, and perhaps of a wide circle of American readers. But this is a very different thing from being matter of universal quotation, like the phrases of the legitimate poets.

And, in truth, one of the legitimate poets, Emerson, in my opinion, is not. His poetry is interesting, it makes one think ; but it is not the poetry of one of the born poets. I say it of him with reluctance, although I am sure that he would have said it of himself ; but I say it with reluctance, because I dislike giving pain to his admirers, and because all my own wish, too, is to say of him what is favourable. But I regard myself, not as speaking to please Emerson's admirers, not as speaking to please myself ; but rather, I repeat, as communing with Time and Nature concerning the productions of this beautiful and rare spirit, and as resigning what of him is by their unalterable decree touched with caducity, in order the better to mark and secure that in him which is immortal.

Milton says that poetry ought to be simple, sensuous, impassioned. Well,

Emerson's poetry is seldom either simple, or sensuous, or impassioned. In general it lacks directness; it lacks concreteness; it lacks energy. His grammar is often embarrassed; in particular, the want of clearly marked distinction between the subject and the object of his sentence is a frequent cause of obscurity in him. A poem which shall be a plain, forcible, inevitable whole he hardly ever produces. Such good work as the noble lines graven on the Concord Monument is the exception with him; such ineffective work as the *Fourth of July Ode* or the *Boston Hymn* is the rule. Even passages and single lines of thorough plainness and commanding force are rare in his poetry. They exist, of course; but when we meet with them they give us a sense of surprise, so little has Emerson accustomed us to them. Let me have the pleasure of quoting one or two of these exceptional passages:—

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*"

Or again this:—

"Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply:
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

Excellent! but how seldom do we get from him a strain blown so clearly and firmly! Take another passage where his strain has not only clearness, it has also grace and beauty:—

"And ever, when the happy child
In May beholds the blooming wild,
And hears in heaven the bluebird sing,
'Onward,' he cries, 'your baskets bring!
In the next field is air more mild,
And in yon hazy west is Eden's balmier spring."

In the style and cadence here there is a reminiscence, I think, of Gray; at any rate the pureness, grace, and beauty of these lines are worthy even of Gray. But Gray holds his high rank as a poet, not merely by the beauty and grace of passages in his

poems; not merely by a diction generally pure in an age of impure diction: he holds it, above all, by the power and skill with which the evolution of his poems is conducted. Here is his grand superiority to Collins, whose diction in his best poem, the *Ode to Evening*, is purer than Gray's; but then the *Ode to Evening* is like a river which loses itself in the sand, whereas Gray's best poems have an evolution sure and satisfying. Emerson's *May-day*, from which I just now quoted, has no real evolution at all; it is a series of observations. And, in general, his poems have no evolution. Take, for example, his *Titmouse*. Here he has an excellent subject; and his observation of Nature, moreover, is always marvellously close and fine. But compare what he makes of his meeting with his titmouse with what Cowper or Burns makes of the like kind of incident! One never quite arrives at learning what the titmouse actually did for him at all, though one feels a strong interest and desire to learn it; but one is reduced to guessing, and cannot be quite sure that after all one has guessed right. He is not plain and concrete enough—in other words, not poet enough—to be able to tell us. And a failure of this kind goes through almost all his verse, keeps him amid symbolism and allusion and the fringes of things, and, in spite of his spiritual power, deeply impairs his poetic value. Through the inestimable virtue of concreteness, a simple poem like *The Bridge of Longfellow*, or the *School Days* of Mr. Whittier, is of more poetic worth, perhaps, than all the verse of Emerson.

I do not, then, place Emerson among the great poets. But I go further, and say that I do not place him among the great writers, the great men of letters. Who are the great men of letters? They are men like Cicero, Plato, Bacon, Pascal, Swift, Voltaire—writers with, in the first place, a genius and instinct for style; writers whose prose is by a

kind of native necessity true and sound. Now the style of Emerson, like the style of his transcendentalist friends and of the *Dial* so continually—the style of Emerson is capable of falling into a strain like this, which I take from the beginning of his *Essay on Love*: “Every soul is a celestial being to every other soul. The heart has its sabbaths and jubilees, in which the world appears as a hymeneal feast, and all natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erotic odes and dances.” Emerson altered this sentence in the later editions. Like Wordsworth, he was in later life fond of altering; and in general his later alterations, like those of Wordsworth, are not improvements. He softened the passage in question, however, though without really mending it. I quote it in its original and strongly marked form. Arthur Stanley used to relate that about the year 1840, being in conversation with some Americans in quarantine at Malta, and thinking to please them, he declared his warm admiration for Emerson’s *Essays*. However, the Americans shook their head, and told him that for home taste Emerson was decidedly two *greeny*. We will hope, for their sakes, that the sort of thing they had in their heads was such writing as I have just quoted. Unsound it is, indeed, and in a style impossible to a born man of letters.

It is a curious thing, that quality of style which marks the great writer, the born man of letters. It resides in the whole tissue of his work, and of his work regarded as a composition for literary purposes. Brilliant and powerful passages in a man’s writings do not prove his possession of it; it lies in their whole tissue. Emerson has passages of noble and pathetic eloquence, such as those which I quoted at the beginning; he has passages of shrewd and felicitous wit; he has crisp epigram; he has passages of exquisitely touched observation of nature. Yet he is not a great writer; his style has not the requisite wholeness of

good tissue. Even Carlyle is not, in my judgment, a great writer. He has surpassingly powerful qualities of expression, far more powerful than Emerson’s, and reminding one of the gifts of expression of the great poets—of even Shakespeare himself. What Emerson so admirably says of Carlyle’s “devouring eyes and portraying hand,” “those thirsty eyes, those portrait-eating, portrait-painting eyes of thine, those fatal perceptions,” is thoroughly true. What a description is Carlyle’s of the first publisher of *Sartor Resartus*, to whom “the idea of a new edition of *Sartor* is frightful, or rather ludicrous, unimaginable;” of this poor Fraser, in whose “wonderful world of Tory pamphleteers, conservative Younger-brothers, Regent-street loungers, Crockford gamblers, Irish Jesuits, drunken reporters, and miscellaneous unclean persons (whom nitre and much soap will not wash clean), not a soul has expressed the smallest wish that way!” What a portrait, again, of the well-beloved John Sterling! “One, and the best, of a small class extant here, who, nigh drowning in a black wreck of Infidelity (lighted up by some glare of Radicalism only, now growing *dim* too), and about to perish, saved themselves into a Coleridgian Shovel-Hattedness.” What touches in his invitation of Emerson to London! “You shall see blockheads by the million; Pickwick himself shall be visible—innocent young Dickens reserved for a questionable fate. The great Wordsworth shall talk till you yourself pronounce him to be a bore. Southey’s complexion is still healthy mahogany brown, with a fleece of white hair, and eyes that seem running at full gallop. Leigh Hunt, man of genius in the shape of a cockney, is my near neighbour, with good humour and no common-sense; old Rogers with his pale head, white, bare, and cold as snow, with those large blue eyes, cruel, sorrowful, and that sardonic shelf chin.” How imitable it all is! And finally, for

one must not go on for ever, this version of a London Sunday, with the public-houses closed during the hours of divine service! "It is silent Sunday; the populace not yet admitted to their beer-shops till the respectabilities conclude their rubric mummeries—a much more audacious feat than beer." Yet even Carlyle is not, in my judgment, to be called a great writer; one cannot think of ranking him with men like Cicero and Plato and Swift and Voltaire. Emerson freely promises to Carlyle immortality for his histories. They will not have it. Why? Because the materials furnished to him by that devouring eye of his, and that portraying hand, were not wrought in and subdued by him to what his work, regarded as a composition for literary purposes, required. Coming in conversation, breaking out in familiar correspondence, they are magnificent, inimitable; nothing more is required of them; thus thrown out anyhow, they serve their turn and fulfil their function. And, therefore, I should not wonder if really Carlyle lived, in the long run, by such an invaluable record as that correspondence between him and Emerson, of which we owe the publication to Mr. Charles Norton—by this and not by his works, as Johnson lives in Boswell, not by his works. For Carlyle's sallies, as the staple of a literary work, become wearisome; and as time more and more applies to Carlyle's works its stringent test, this will be felt more and more. Shakespeare, Molière, Swift—they too had, like Carlyle, the devouring eye and the portraying hand. But they are great literary masters, they are supreme writers, because they knew how to work into a literary composition their materials, and to subdue them to the purposes of literary effect. Carlyle is too wilful for this, too turbid, too vehement.

You will think I deal in nothing but negatives. I have been saying that Emerson is not one of the great

poets, the great writers. He has not their quality of style. He is, however, the propounder of a philosophy. The Platonic dialogues afford us the example of exquisite literary form and treatment given to philosophical ideas. Plato is at once a great literary man and a great philosopher. If we speak carefully, we cannot call Aristotle or Spinoza or Kant great literary men, or their productions great literary works. But their work is arranged with such constructive power that they build a philosophy, and are justly called great philosophical writers. Emerson cannot, I think, be called with justice a great philosophical writer. He cannot build; his arrangement of philosophical ideas has no progress in it, no evolution; he does not construct a philosophy. Emerson himself knew the defects of his method, or rather want of method, very well; indeed, he and Carlyle criticise themselves and one another in a way which leaves little for any one else to do in the way of formulating their defects. Carlyle formulates perfectly the defects of his friend's poetic and literary production when he says of the *Dial*: "For me it is too ethereal, speculative, theoretic; I will have all things condense themselves, take shape and body, if they are to have my sympathy." And speaking of Emerson's orations he says: "I long to see some concrete Thing, some Event, Man's Life, American Forest, or piece of Creation, which this Emerson loves and wonders at, well *Emersonised*—depicted by Emerson, filled with the life of Emerson, and cast forth from him, then to live by itself. If these orations balk me of this, how profitable soever they may be for others, I will not love them." Emerson himself formulates perfectly the defect of his own philosophical productions when he speaks of his "formidable tendency to the lapidary style. I build my house of boulders." "Here I sit and read and write," he says again, "with very little system, and as far as regards

composition with the most fragmentary result; paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." Nothing can be truer; and the work of a Spinoza or Kant, of the men who stand as great philosophical writers, does not proceed in this wise.

Some people will tell you that Emerson's poetry, indeed, is too abstract, and his philosophy too vague, but that his best work is his *English Traits*. The *English Traits* are beyond question very pleasant reading. It is easy to praise them, easy to commend the author of them. But I insist on always trying Emerson's work by the highest standards. I esteem him too much to try his work by any other. Tried by the highest standards, and compared with the work of the excellent markers and recorders of the traits of human life—of writers like Montaigne, La Bruyère, Addison—the *English Traits* will not stand the comparison. Emerson's observation has not the disinterested quality of the observation of these masters. It is the observation of a man systematically benevolent, as Hawthorne's observation in *Our Old Home* is the work of a man chagrined. Hawthorne's literary talent is of the first order. His subjects are generally not to me subjects of the highest interest; but his literary talent is of the first order, the finest, I think, which America has yet produced—finer, by much, than Emerson's. Yet *Our Old Home* is not a masterpiece any more than *English Traits*. In neither of them is the observer disinterested enough. The author's attitude in each of these cases can easily be understood and defended. Hawthorne was a sensitive man, so situated in England that he was perpetually in contact with the British Philistine; and the British Philistine is a trying personage. Emerson's systematic benevolence comes from what he himself calls somewhere his "persistent optimism;" and his persistent optimism is the root of his greatness and

the source of his charm. But still let us keep our literary conscience true, and judge every kind of literary work by the laws really proper to it. The kind of work attempted in the *English Traits* and in *Our Old Home* is work which cannot be done perfectly with a bias such as that given by Emerson's optimism or by Hawthorne's chagrin. Consequently, neither *English Traits* nor *Our Old Home* is a work of perfection in its kind.

Not with the Miltons and Grays, not with the Platos and Spinozas, not with the Swifts and Voltaires, not with the Montaignes and Addisons, can we rank Emerson. His work of different kinds, when one compares it with the work done in a corresponding kind by these masters, fails to stand the comparison. No man could see this clearer than Emerson himself. It is hard not to feel despondency when we contemplate our failures and shortcomings; and Emerson, the least self-flattering and the most modest of men, saw so plainly what was lacking to him that he had his moments of despondency. "Alas, my friend," he writes in reply to Carlyle, who had exhorted him to creative work—"Alas, my friend, I can do no such gay thing as you say. I do not belong to the poets, but only to a low department of literature—the reporters; suburban men." He deprecated his friend's praise; praise "generous to a fault," he calls it; praise "generous to the shaming of me—cold, fastidious, ebbing person that I am. Already in a former letter you had said too much good of my poor little arid book, which is as sand to my eyes. I can only say that I heartily wish the book were better; and I must try and deserve so much favour from the kind gods by a bolder and truer living in the months to come—such as may perchance one day release and invigorate this cramp hand of mine. When I see how much work is to be done; what room for a poet, for any spiritualist, in this great, intelligent, sensual, and avaricious America—I

lament my fumbling fingers and stammering tongue." Again, as late as 1870, he writes to Carlyle: "There is no example of constancy like yours, and it always stings my stupor into temporary recovery and wonderful resolution to accept the noble challenge. But 'the strong hours conquer us'; and I am the victim of miscellany—miscellany of designs, vast debility, and procrastination." The forlorn note belonging to the phrase, "vast debility," recalls that saddest and most discouraged of writers, the author of *Obermann*, Senancour, with whom Emerson has in truth a certain kinship. He has in common with Senancour his pureness, his passion for nature, his single eye; and here we find him confessing, like Senancour, a sense in himself of sterility and impotence.

And now I think I have cleared the ground. I have given up to envious Time as much of Emerson as Time can fairly expect ever to obtain. We have not in Emerson a great poet, a great writer, a great philosophy-maker. His relation to us is not that of one of those personages; yet it is a relation of, I think, even superior importance. His relation to us is more like that of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Marcus Aurelius is not a great writer, a great philosophy-maker; he is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. Emerson is the same. He is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. All the points in thinking which are necessary for this purpose he takes; but he does not combine them into a system, or present them as a regular philosophy. Combined in a system by a man with the requisite talent for this kind of thing, they would be less useful than as Emerson gives them to us; and the man with the talent so to systematise them would be less impressive than Emerson. They do very well as they now stand—like "boulders," as he says;—in "para-

graphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." In such sentences his main points recur again and again, and become fixed in the memory. We all know them. First and foremost, character—character is everything. "That which all things tend to educe— which freedom, cultivation, intercourse, revolutions, go to form and deliver—is character." Character and self-reliance. "Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron string." And yet we have our being in a *not ourselves*. "There is a power above and behind us, and we are the channels of its communications." But our lives must be pitched higher. "Life must be lived on a higher plane; we must go up to a higher platform, to which we are always invited to ascend; there the whole scene changes." The good we need is ever close to us, though we attain it not. "On the brink of the waters of life and truth, we are miserably dying." This good is close to us, moreover, in our daily life, and in the familiar, homely places. "The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties—that is the maxim for us. Let us be poised and wise, and our own to-day. Let us treat the men and women well—treat them as if they were real: perhaps they are. Men live in their fancy, like drunkards whose hands are too soft and tremulous for successful labour. I settle myself ever firmer in the creed, that we should *not* postpone and refer and wish, but do broad justice where we are, by whomsoever we deal with; accepting our actual companions and circumstances, however humble or odious, as the mystic officials to whom the universe has delegated its whole pleasure for us. Massachusetts, Connecticut River, and Boston Bay, you think paltry places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are; and if we will tarry a little we may come to learn that here is best. See to it only that thyself is here."

Furthermore, the good is close to us *all*. "I resist the scepticism of our education and of our educated men. I do not believe that the differences of opinion and character in men are organic. I do not recognise, besides the class of the good and the wise, a permanent class of sceptics, or a class of conservatives, or of malignants, or of materialists. I do not believe in the classes. Every man has a call of the power to do something unique." Pretension is useless. "Pretension never feigned an act of real greatness. Pretension never wrote an *Iliad*, nor drove back Xerxes, nor christianised the world, nor abolished slavery." Exclusiveness is deadly. "The exclusive in social life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and ninepins, and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart you shall lose your own. The selfish man suffers more from his selfishness than he from whom that selfishness withholds some important benefit." A sound nature will be inclined to refuse ease and self-indulgence. "To live with some rigour of temperance, or some extreme of generosity, seems to be an asceticism which common good-nature would appoint to those who are at ease and in plenty, in sign that they feel a brotherhood with the great multitude of suffering men." Compensation, finally, is the great law of life; it is everywhere, it is sure, and there is no escape from it. This is that "Law alive and beautiful, which works over our heads and under our feet. Pitiless, it avails itself of our success when we obey it, and of our ruin when we contravene it. We are all secret believers in it. It rewards actions after their nature. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it. The thief steals from himself, the swindler swindles himself. You must pay at last your own debt."

This is tonic indeed! And let no one object that it is too general; that more practical, positive direction is what we want; that Emerson's optimism, self-reliance, and indifference to favourable conditions for our life and growth have in them something of danger. "Trust thyself;" "what attracts my attention shall have it;" "though thou shouldst walk the world over thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble;" "what we call vulgar society is that society whose poetry is not yet written, but which you shall presently make as enviable and renowned as any." With maxims like these, we surely, it may be said, run some risk of being made too well satisfied with our own actual self and state, however crude and imperfect they may be. "Trust thyself?"—it may be said that the common American or Englishman is more than enough disposed already to trust himself. I often reply, when our sectarians are praised for following conscience: Our people are very good in following their conscience; where they are not so good is in ascertaining whether their conscience tells them right. "What attracts my attention shall have it!" Well, that is our people's plea when they run after the Salvation Army, and desire Messrs. Moody and Sankey. "Thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble?" But think of the turn of the good people of our race for producing a life of hideousness and immense ennui; think of that specimen of your own New England life which Mr. Howells gives us in one of his charming stories which I was reading lately; think of the life of that ragged New England farm in the *Lady of the Aroostook*, think of Deacon Blood and Aunt Maria, and the straight-backed chairs with black horse-hair seats, and Ezra Perkins with perfect self-reliance depositing his travellers in the snow! I can truly say that in the little which I have seen of the life of New England, I am more struck with what has

been achieved than with the crudeness and failure. But no doubt there is still a great deal of crudeness also. Your own novelists say there is, and I suppose they say true. In the New England, as in the Old, our people have to learn, it may be said, not that their modes of life are beautiful and excellent already; they have rather to learn that they must transform them.

To adopt this line of objection to Emerson's deliverances would, however, be unjust. In the first place, Emerson's points are in themselves true, if understood in a certain high sense; they are true and fruitful. And the right work to be done, at the hour when he appeared, was to affirm them generally and absolutely. Only thus could he break through the hard and fast barrier of narrow, fixed ideas, which he found confronting him, and win an entrance for new ideas. Had he attempted developments which may now strike us as expedient, he would have excited fierce antagonism, and probably effected little or nothing. The time might come for doing other work later, but the work which Emerson did was the right work to be done then.

In the second place, strong as was Emerson's optimism, and unconquerable as was his belief in a good result to emerge from all which he saw going on around him, no misanthropical satirist ever saw shortcomings and absurdities more clearly than he did, or exposed them more courageously. When he sees "the meanness," as he calls it, "of American politics," he congratulates Washington on being "long already happily dead," on being "wrapt in his shroud and for ever safe." With how firm a touch he delineates the faults of your two great political parties of forty years ago! The Democrats, he says, "have not at heart the ends which give to the name of democracy what hope and virtue are in it. The spirit of our American radicalism is destructive and aimless; it is not loving; it has no ulterior and divine ends, but is de-

structive only out of hatred and selfishness. On the other side, the Conservative party, composed of the most moderate, able, and cultivated part of the population, is timid, and merely defensive of property. It vindicates no right, it aspires to no real good, it brands no crime, it proposes no generous policy. From neither party, when in power, has the world any benefit to expect in science, art, or humanity, at all commensurate with the resources of the nation." Then with what subtle though kindly irony he follows the gradual withdrawal in New England, in the last half century, of tender consciences from the social organisations—the bent for experiments such as that of Brook Farm and the like—follows it in all its "dissidence of dissent and Protestantism of the Protestant religion." He even loves to rally the New Englander on his philanthropical activity, and to find his beneficence and its institutions a bore. "Your miscellaneous popular charities, the education at college of fools, the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many of these now stand, alms to sots, and the thousand-fold relief societies—though I confess with shame that I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, yet it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold." "Our Sunday-schools and churches and pauper societies are yokes to the neck. We pain ourselves to please nobody. There are natural ways of arriving at the same ends at which these aim, but do not arrive." "Nature does not like our benevolence or our learning much better than she likes our frauds and wars. When we come out of the caucus, or the bank, or the Abolition convention, or the Temperance meeting, or the Transcendental Club, into the fields and woods, she says to us: 'So hot, my little sir?'"

Yes, truly, his insight is admirable; his truth is precious. Yet the secret of his effect is not in these; it is in his temper. It is in the hopeful, serene, beautiful temper wherewith

these, in Emerson, are indissolubly joined; in which they work, and have their being. He says himself: "We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope, knowing that the perception of the inexhaustibleness of nature is an immortal youth." If this be so, how wise is Emerson! for never had man such a sense of the inexhaustibleness of nature, and such hope. It was the ground of his being; it never failed him. Even when he is sadly avowing the imperfection of his literary power and resources, lamenting his fumbling fingers and stammering tongue, he adds: "Yet, as I tell you, I am very easy in my mind and never dream of suicide. My whole philosophy, which is very real, teaches acquiescence and optimism. Sure I am that the right word will be spoken, though I cut out my tongue." In his old age, with friends dying and life failing, his tone of cheerful, forward-looking hope is still the same: "A multitude of young men are growing up here of high promise, and I compare gladly the social poverty of my youth with the power on which these draw." His abiding word for us, the word by which being dead he yet speaks to us, is this: "That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavour to realise our aspirations. Shall not the heart, which has received so much, trust the Power by which it lives?"

One can scarcely overrate the importance of this holding fast to happiness and hope. It gives to Emerson's work an invaluable virtue. As Wordsworth's poetry is, in my judgment, the most important work done in verse, in our language, during the present century, so Emerson's *Essays* are, I think, the most important work done in prose. His work is more important than Carlyle's. Let us be just to Carlyle, provoking though he often is. Not only has he that genius of his which makes Emerson say truly of his letters, that "they savour always of eternity." More than this may be

said of him. The scope and upshot of his teaching are true; "his guiding genius," to quote Emerson again, is really "his moral sense, his perception of the sole importance of truth and justice." But consider Carlyle's temper, as we have been considering Emerson's; take his own account of it: "Perhaps London is the proper place for me after all, seeing all places are improper: who knows? Meanwhile, I lead a most dyspeptic, solitary, self-shrouded life; consuming, if possible in silence, my considerable daily allotment of pain; glad when any strength is left in me for writing, which is the only use I can see in myself—too rare a case of late. The ground of my existence is black as death; too black, when all *void* too; but at times there paint themselves on it pictures of gold, and rainbow, and lightning; all the brighter for the black ground, I suppose. Withal, I am very much of a fool." No, not a fool, but turbid and morbid, wilful and perverse. "We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope."

Carlyle's perverse attitude towards happiness cuts him off from hope. He fiercely attacks the desire for happiness; his grand point in *Sartor*, his secret in which the soul may find rest, is that one shall cease to desire happiness, that one should learn to say to oneself: "What if thou wert born and predestined not to be happy, but to be unhappy!" He is wrong; Saint Augustine is the better philosopher, who says: "Act *we must* in pursuance of what gives us most delight." Epictetus and Augustine can be severe moralists enough; but both of them know and frankly say that the desire for happiness is the root and ground of man's being. Tell him and show him that he places his happiness wrong, that he seeks for delight where delight will never be really found; then you illumine and further him. But you only confuse him by telling him to cease to desire happiness; and you will not tell him this unless you are already confused yourself.

Carlyle preached the dignity of labour, the necessity of righteousness, the love of veracity, the hatred of shams. He is said by many people to be a great teacher, a great helper for us, because he does so. But what is the due and eternal result of labour, righteousness, veracity?—Happiness. And how are we drawn to them by one who, instead of making us feel that with them is happiness, tells us that perhaps we were predestined not to be happy but to be unhappy?

You will find many earnest preachers of our popular religion to be fervent in their praise and admiration of Carlyle. His insistence on labour, righteousness, and veracity pleases them; his contempt for happiness pleases them too. I read the other day a tract against smoking, although I do not happen to be a smoker myself. "Smoking," said the tract, "is liked because it gives agreeable sensations. Now it is a positive objection to a thing that it gives agreeable sensations. An earnest man will expressly avoid what gives agreeable sensations." Shortly afterwards I was inspecting a school, and I found the children reading a piece of poetry on the common theme that we are here to-day and gone to-morrow. I shall soon be gone, the speaker in this poem was made to say—

"And I shall be glad to go,
For the world at best is a dreary place,
And my life is getting low."

How usual a language of popular religion that is, on our side of the Atlantic at any rate! But then our popular religion, in disparaging happiness here below, knows very well what it is after. It has its eye on a happiness in a future life above the clouds, in the New Jerusalem, to be won by disliking and rejecting happiness here on earth. And so long as this ideal stands fast, it is very well. But for many it stands fast no longer; for Carlyle, at any rate, it had failed and vanished. Happiness in labour, righteousness, and veracity—in the life of the spirit—here was

a gospel still for Carlyle to preach, and to help others by preaching. But he baffled them and himself by choosing the paradox that we are not born for happiness at all.

Happiness in labour, righteousness, and veracity; in all the life of the spirit; happiness and eternal hope—that was Emerson's gospel. I hear it said that Emerson was too sanguine; that the actual generation in America is not turning out so well as he expected. Very likely he was too sanguine as to the near future; in this country it is difficult not to be too sanguine. Very possibly the present generation may prove unworthy of his high hopes; even several generations succeeding this may prove unworthy of them. But by his conviction that in the life of the spirit is happiness, and by his hope that this life of the spirit will come more and more to be sanely understood, and to prevail, and to work for happiness—by this conviction and hope Emerson was great; and he will surely prove in the end to have been right in them. In this country it is difficult, as I said, not to be sanguine. Many of your writers are over-sanguine, and on the wrong grounds. But you have two men who in what they have written show their sanguineness in a line where courage and hope are just, where they are also infinitely important, but where they are not easy. The two men are Franklin and Emerson.¹ These two are, I think, the most distinctively and honourably American of your writers; they are the most original and the most valuable. Wise men everywhere know that we must keep up our courage and hope; that hope is, as Wordsworth well says—

"The paramount duty which Heaven lays,
For its own honour, on man's suffering heart."

¹ I found with pleasure that this conjunction of Emerson's name with Franklin's had already occurred to an accomplished writer and delightful man, a friend of Emerson, left almost the sole survivor, alas! of the

But the very word *duty* points to an effort and a struggle to maintain our hope unbroken. Franklin and Emerson maintained theirs with a convincing ease, an inspiring joy. Franklin's confidence in the happiness with which industry, honesty and economy will crown the life of this work-day world,

famous literary generation of Boston—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. Holmes has kindly allowed me to print here the ingenious and interesting lines, hitherto unpublished, in which he speaks of Emerson thus :

“ Where in the realm of thought, whose air is song,

Does he, the Buddha of the West, belong ?

He seems a winged Franklin, sweetly wise,

Born to unlock the secret of the skies ;

And which the nobler calling—if 'tis fair

Terrestrial with celestial to compare—

To guide the storm-cloud's elemental flame,

Or walk the chambers whence the lightning

came

Amidst the sources of its subtle fire,

And steal their effluence for his lips and

lyre ? ”

is such that he runs over with felicity. With a like felicity does Emerson run over, when he contemplates the happiness eternally attached to the true life in the spirit. You cannot prize him too much, nor heed him too diligently. He has lessons for both the branches of our race. I figure him to my mind as visible upon earth still, as still standing here by Boston Bay, or at his own Concord, in his habit as he lived, but of heightened stature and shining feature, with one hand stretched out towards the East, to our laden and labouring England ; the other towards the ever-growing West, to his own dearly loved America—“ great, intelligent, sensual, avaricious America.” To us he shows for guidance his lucid freedom, his cheerfulness and hope ; to you his dignity, delicacy, serenity, elevation.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IN A GREAT TOWN HOSPITAL.

THERE is something in the monotonous regularity of the rows of tidy little white beds in a hospital, with their neat white coverlets, and the load of misery upon each, which at first sight is very depressing. It is the wonderful variety, however, both of the characters of the inmates and of the ailments treated, that is their most striking characteristic as they become better known; while the insight there to be gained as to the "manners and customs" of the classes for whose dwellings we are now trying to legislate, is only too significant of the houses (miscalled "homes," indeed) from which they come. The strange phases of human nature, and human suffering in unimaginable forms, the manner in which science is utilised to remedy that suffering, and the care and kindness that strive to alleviate it, make a large hospital a most interesting study of the best kind of help. It is often here that any civilizing influence is first brought to bear on the sufferers, that they first experience gentle treatment and kindness, and come in contact with larger ideals.

Here are a few experiences during a few months in a few beds of a great town hospital.

No. 73 (each occupant is known by his number alone) was a tall, strong Irishman, a dock labourer, brought in violently drunk, wet through, and with a very bad scalp wound. He had been helping to unload a vessel with casks of spirits, and had been "sucking the monkey"—a favourite dodge—when a hole is pierced in a cask, when it can be done unobserved, and the raw spirits are sucked out with a straw. In this case the not unnatural result had been that the man had fallen into the river. The nurses began to wash and prepare the wound for the doctors, but he was so

drunk that he would scarcely let them touch him, and complained bitterly of their unkindness. When the doctors arrived they began by playing on the wound with carbolic spray, used to prevent it from growing cold, but the patient said that it spurted into his face, he became violent, and declared that he would not have anything done to him, for they were using him cruelly.

The doctor grew angry, and sent for the porter to help, telling the man that he must either have his wound properly dressed or leave the hospital; the threat would have been difficult to carry out, however, for the wet clothes could not be put on him, and there were no others to be had. The house-surgeon and three students were now standing two on each side the bed, when suddenly the patient hit out with his powerful arms in their drunken strength, threw down the four doctors—who, being utterly unprepared for the assault, went over like ninepins—jumped out of bed, and ran across the ward into the next in his hospital shirt. The porter came in at this moment and stopped him. "Pretty fellow you are!" said the doctor. "Why you've been so long in coming that the patient might have flung himself out of window." "I fling myself out of window! I am not such a fool. I am not going to hurt myself to please any of you," laughed the man. He was then got back into bed, and the doctor sternly ordered him to lie still. Perhaps the run had quieted him to a certain degree, and he submitted at last. The spray, which is rather fragrant and refreshing, was used again, and again he complained angrily. "If he is such a coward as to mind that, cover his face with a handkerchief," said the doctor, contemptuously. At length

the dressing was over, and he went to sleep. The next morning when the spirits were out and the wits were in, he was thoroughly ashamed of his conduct, of which he could only recollect a small portion, but was kindly reminded of the rest by the occupants of the beds on both sides. He became one of the best behaved patients in the ward—tried to be helpful to the nurses, and was considered "very good company" by his neighbours, for whose delectation and his own he used to dance jigs and hornpipes as he grew better. After he left the hospital one of the nurses was startled one day by an unrecognisably dirty man rushing out of a group of other workmen like himself to pour out his thanks in vehement terms.

I pass over the details concerning the next, which was a horrible case of suicide—a Spaniard who had attempted to blow out his brains in bed and had only partially succeeded. He lived five or six dreadful hours after he was brought in.

The next occupant of the No. 73 bed was a very respectable, well-looking young man who had gone to the Alexandra Palace with a friend for a day's pleasure. "We went about and about, and we took a little of the Irish here, and a little of the Irish there, till we had had too much of the Irish, and we went on till the latest train had left." He then walked back to London to a little street in the West End. It was four in the morning, and the lodging-house refused to admit him, so he sat down on the step in a half-drunken sleep, and a bitter spring night, to wait till the door was opened. He was suffering from a cold, and the spirits and the chill together brought on violent inflammation of both lungs (which is uncommon). A few days after his arrival he became delirious, and the only person who could manage him was a nurse, whom he took for some friend of his called "Minnie." "Thank God, I have got one friend here!" he kept on repeating. He set his heart on their taking an expe-

dition together. "Now promise me that you will go to the Alexandra Palace with me, Minnie, next week." And as all contradiction enraged him, she was obliged to answer, "If you're well enough on Monday, I promise to go," which could be safely done. Whenever she was away he became extremely violent, and on one occasion rushed off trying to escape from the ward, pursued by eight men and several of the nurses. At last he was secured and carried to the padded room where delirious patients are kept. He gave an account of what had taken place to "Minnie," and correctly so far, ending, however, with—"One man held a revolver and the other a knife over me; one said, 'Let us blow his brains out,' and the other, 'No, let us cut his throat.'"

He was so heated by the strait-waistcoat that the nurse, when she came, undid it, with the doctor's permission—"If you think you can manage him." The bed is on the floor, and no chair is allowed in the padded room lest it should be used for aggressive purposes, so that she had to kneel when putting on jacket poultices and feeding him. The friend who had led him into mischief came to see him, and was asked to bring some jelly to the patient. "It is not the least use," said he, "the nurses will take it all away—that is what they are here for!" The nurse, who had been extremely kind to him, was pained—crazy as she knew him to be—and showed it. When his visitor was gone he looked at her. "Minnie, why do you look so scared? Did you think I was going to tell? No, no; I am a bad one, but not so bad as that!"

He was thankful for the quiet of the padded room, but it was very close, though the door is always left open that the nurse may summon assistance. "Oh for a breath of fresh air!" sighed the poor patient, who was a Devonshire man, and he was transferred to a small ward, the nurse undertaking to keep the peace.

The chaplain attempted to come to

his help, but the sight of a strange man made the patient ungovernable, and the few texts and "good words" which the nurse could slip into the poor wandering mind was all that could be done for him. "If I get over this I'll lead a new life, I'll not live as I have done," he repeated. He grew worse and worse, and one evening when she was going off duty he said, "Shake hands, Minnie, I'll never forget you—good-night. Why will you leave me?" Her duty, however, required her to go, and she promised to return to him in the morning. "I'll try and live till you come back," he sighed; but he never saw her again, he died within an hour or two afterwards. He was so much above the usual level of the inmates of the wards that his death made quite a sensation among the patients, who are generally very indifferent to the fate of their comrades.

Another case of suicide came in at this time; a poor woman whose husband had been gaining from four to five guineas a week, was suddenly left a widow, with six children, one of them a baby. After striving a little time to support them, she lost heart, said she could not see them starve, and drank a horrible mixture, like vitriol, used for cleaning lamps, to poison herself. It burnt the throat and the stomach in a fearful manner, but she was carried into the hospital immediately, so that measures were taken to prevent her death. It seemed strange that with so many painless modes of dismissal she should have chosen one entailing such frightful suffering; but she was evidently completely beside herself; and it was very pathetic how she had rushed upon her release without bestowing a thought upon the pain of the means, "Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world." "Shall I get over it?" she said in a depressed tone when she was beginning to improve—it was evidently not to her a wished-for ending. Having been better off she

could not bear the idea of coming down to being a pauper. Friends, however, turned up when it was almost too late, and helped with the children. A policeman was waiting for her to take her before a magistrate when she left the hospital, but the nurses connived at her going out at an hour when he was not there. And here the story ends, how she faced her life-struggle again and with what results remains for ever unknown, sunk in the deep tide of misery to be found in our great towns.

No. 47 was a boy of fifteen, with dreadful fits; he foamed at the mouth, he twisted and twirled and sometimes threw his legs into the air, almost standing on his head. At the end of a week, however, nurses and doctors began to have their doubts, the attacks never came on when the doctors were by, and the dead faints never took place until he was within safe distance of the bed to fall upon. A little "spine boy" in the bed opposite early suspected him, and used to call out, "Go it, No. 47, you do do it grand; I could not come the thing half so well myself!" The doctors are extremely cautious in declaring that a patient is shamming, by which they may get the hospital into bad odour, and the boy was allowed to go on for some little time. At last the doctor called for a wet towel, and gave him a sharpish flick on the cheek, in the fit, when the "insensible" patient winced, and the next day when, by the doctor's orders, the nurse gave him a smart cut with the same wet towel, in his "dead faint," he howled and called out about her cruelty. He was sentenced to be turned out, and his mother was sent for; she arrived in a perfect state of fury at the slur cast upon her son, declaring that she would appeal to the directors, the trustees, the police, and the world at large—but go he did. It was found that he had been apprenticed, and not liking work, he had retired on the hospital as a pleasant retreat. He must have been a clever

boy to imitate the symptoms of a fit so as to deceive both doctors and nurses for even so long.

Drunkenness is the cause of two-thirds of the accidents, and a great portion of the illnesses that come into hospital. No. 46 was a man who came in drunk, with a broken leg, after an accident. A kind friend, drunk like himself, took him on his back to carry him to the hospital, he could not, however, walk straight, and fell with his burden and upon him, seriously injuring the broken limb. The drinking begins before breakfast, and the patients say to each other, "I say, old boy, don't yer miss the half-pint" (beer, understood) "and the pen'orth?" (gin, understood).

A shoemaker, with a good shop and a good business, was found dead drunk in the gutter, so full of spirits that he was dying of suffocation. He was brought into the ward, and the students, seeing what was the matter, and thoroughly disgusted, put a screen round him and set to work pumping upon him with all their hearts, till he was completely wet through. He remained two days, till his clothes were dry, calling out for his wife, who came to see him with a beautiful baby in her arms, and took him away; the future which probably lay before her and her children was a dismal one indeed.

"Patients' friends" are generally a sad nuisance, and do much harm. Two or three Irishwomen will come and howl and shriek over a dying compatriot so as to disturb the whole ward, before they can be stopped. A tender mother will slip oranges and apples into the bed of a child suffering from bad stomach disorders, or a wife insinuate a cooked sausage under the coverlet of a man in the worst stage of dysentery. Whiskey is the cure for all ailments, and a number of bottles are not seldom detected. The eatables are put behind the ward fire in public, that it may not be supposed that nurses profit by their confiscation; the whiskey is poured out of

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window, and the owners are almost in tears at the "sinful waste" of the "beautiful" stuff thus recklessly sacrificed!

The next case was a man brought in with his throat cut nearly from ear to ear. The surgeon asked, "Is this suicide or murder?" "No, sir, not suicide," said one of the students, standing by, "it was one of his friends did it for him," at which there was a laugh all round the bed except from the poor sufferer. He was a dock labourer who had taken a job at a lower rate than a fellow-workman; his rival met him in the street by daylight, and drew a razor across his throat. The victim fell bathed with blood, but his enemy, not feeling sure that he had accomplished his object sufficiently, gave him a second cut even deeper than before. The patient could not swallow, and could only be fed by a tube inserted in the throat. He was suffering already from a bad attack of bronchitis, and the doctors had hardly any hope of getting him through. With the care and the skilled nursing he recovered, however; "but I shall never be my own man again," he said. Policemen were watching him day and night, because if he died the case would become one of hanging for his assailant, who had been arrested immediately. As soon as the patient was able to stand he was taken in a carriage to give his evidence, when the aggressor was condemned to a long term of penal servitude.

To No. 57 there came a great burly Irishman, with an enormous lump on his forehead, his eye shut up, and a blow at the back of his head which it was feared might prove serious. He said that he had fallen from a scaffolding, but the doctors felt quite sure that the blows had been received in fighting. He had a scowling, bad expression, and came in swearing, dirty as the ground, his clothes torn, and his shoes dropping off his feet. The porter put him into a bath, but even then he

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was hardly fit to touch. He began at once making difficulties; he was not used, he said, to lie down in the day. It was with great trouble that he was got into bed, where his huge bulk lay "like a hippopotamus." He used to get rid of the sheets and wrap himself up in the bedclothes in a bundle, like an animal. His language was abominable, and he sang wicked songs. He would jump out of bed, and shut the windows of the small ward in which he lay, and when he got the nurses into trouble about the want of ventilation, he always denied that he had touched the window.

"Why don't you help us with our singing, as they do in the other wards?" said one of the patients to the nurse. "Because," she said, "you can't expect me to sing such things as you are singing," whereupon he struck up the *Te Deum*, and she helped him to the best of her power. That afternoon they had none but proper songs; the next day, however, the Irishman complained bitterly that "the nurses would sing yesterday all that the others wanted, and if I begin there's nothing but looks as black as thoonder." There is a placard in each ward forbidding all swearing, and the nurses tried to check his oaths by saying that they should report him to the authorities. "Yes," he said; "there you go on, all of you, reporting and reporting! We're not children. You'll find yourselves in the wrong box some of these days. What will you say if you get a crack on the back of the neck some day as you're passing round the corner of the street!" He was utterly unmanageable, and the doctors were extremely anxious to get him out of the hospital, where he did harm to all in the ward who followed his lead; and at the end of three weeks, to his great disgust, he was sent away, his wounds being very much better. He had complained of everything—of the food, of the dressings, which were not at all painful. But the sorest grievance of all was being turned out sooner than the

rest. "Thankful!" he said; "what should I be thankful for? This hospital belongs to the poor, and you nurses are our paid servants. We are not going to be thankful to you; you get your training on us."

There were some very bad cases of skin-disease at this time—"I wonder whether Job was suffering from eczema," said an expert). One of elephantiasis, which, being rare, was very interesting to the doctors, and of which the possessor was exceedingly proud, the leg having swelled so that he required a trouser almost like a petticoat.

The uncommon cases receive most attention (not care) from the doctors; accordingly the fortunate object takes great pride in himself. "I am an interesting case," he says to his neighbour, perhaps "a compound fracture," whose sufferings may be far greater, if more commonplace, and who sighs and looks on him with envy.

"A compound fracture," however, became a public character about this time. After trying to save the patient's leg the doctors told him that it must be amputated. He was fed up and prepared with great care, and was supposed to be in very good condition for the operation. His wife was warned that it was to take place, and she came to see him just before he was carried to the theatre, when she was left sitting by his bed to await his return. Chloroform was administered, but before a knife had even touched him the man was dead. There was a terrible "upset" among the doctors; the ward-sister and the nurses were crying as if their hearts would break. "You must tell her," said the sister. "I never can do it," sobbed the nurse. At last the sister had to go up to the watching woman, widowed within the last few minutes, and sitting all unconscious beside the empty bed, to break the news.

The effects of chloroform are strangely varied. In general the sickness brought on by it produces great depression, but in one case a

man was brought out of the operation theatre singing at the top of his voice with excitement. When he reached the ward he cried out, "Chorus, gentlemen, chorus!" and every one took up the song as they were told, supposing only that he rejoiced that the probation time was over.

The things which alarm some of these great strong men are very curious. "Just look at that there window-curtain blowing! the draught's enough to kill a man." A bath is looked upon as very dangerous; they will do anything to avoid it. "Why, it'll just be the death of me to be wet all over!" or, "I had a bath last night, I needn't go in!" entreats a man who has apparently never been washed since he was a child. The thermometer for taking the "temperature" of a patient is looked upon with awe. "Will it hurt me *very* much, nurse?" said a great, heavy dock labourer, looking anxiously at the mysterious little instrument.

Two frightful cases of hydrophobia, which came in at not long intervals, illustrated the terrible side which must always be in a hospital. The madness which accompanies the disease was so violent that it was too much for the nurses to manage, and both had to be looked after by the porter—both died.

The wide catholicity of the help which hospitals afford is shown by the number of strange nationalities to be found there at different times—black men, yellow men, dusky men, pale-faced men, Spaniards, Norwegians, East Indians, and men of the West, &c. &c. A full-blooded negro sailor, who came in fresh from Africa, used to strip off his shirt and tie a handkerchief round his waist as soon as nurses and doctors turned their backs, and even rush across the ward in this condition; he was not used to clothes; washing was detestable to him, but he saved up his butter to oil himself all over with. If he was thwarted, he looked as if he would put a knife into the offender. He

was suffering from dysentery, and could not endure the starvation from solid food which the treatment required, and ran away. He was sent back by the ship's doctor, however, and when asked for the reason of his flight, said, "Abdallah's small boy dead;" but as the sad event took place in Africa it hardly seemed relevant to his escape.

A mad Chinaman was so conscious that he was well off that when he was ordered to be taken to the Union he absolutely refused to go, and adhered so firmly, though quietly, to the floor of the padded room that he was only got off with great difficulty. He was like a surly dog.

Another Chinaman, suffering from bronchitis, was persuaded one day, as he sat on the side of his bed, to unplait his tail, and laughed heartily at the surprise of the earnest onlookers, to find that it, and indeed all other tails (he said), were largely composed of false hair and silk, to make them look big and important.

The number of negroes, chiefly sailors, to be found in hospital, is great, and points to the growing difficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply of English seamen. It shows that the whole nominal strength of our merchant service is not to be relied on as a reserve for the navy in time of war, on which we sometimes seem to count.

A surreptitious addition was made to the black population in hospital one day. A woman (white) had been admitted for some complaint, and her further condition was not found out till so late that the authorities did not like to send her away. The child, when it arrived, turned out a full negro, woolly hair, thick lips, colour, &c., all complete. It was a jolly little babe, however, and the sister, who was most angry at the clandestine mode of its arrival, was so proud of it that she often carried it about the wards to be admired.

Even the hurts from wild beasts are not unrepresented. A man working

in a menagerie was bitten severely by a bear in cleaning out his den, having omitted to drive him into the inner cell. His hand was hardly human to look at, but as soon as he could get out he went back "to stir up the bear with a pole," and he ended by declaring that he "would be even with him still." So that as the bear probably had his own views on the subject, the prospects of peace were not great in the den.

The sufferings of children are always very pathetic to witness. No. 73 was a poor little boy of seven years old; his father, in a drunken fit, was beating his wife violently, when the child rushed in to try and protect her; the father seized him by the legs and threw him over his shoulder on to the stone floor behind. His head was frightfully injured, and he was carried into the hospital, where he lay moaning in delirium for days and days. After that he recovered a little, so as to be conscious, and was a great pet in the ward. The dressings were very painful, and the men in the beds round him, who did not care much for each other's sufferings, were all extremely interested and pitiful.

"Don't yer mind, chappie, it'll soon be over, and you'll be so comfortable afterwards; take heart, little un, and then you shall sing to us."

The child's songs were very popular, particularly one about Jacko, the negro boy. "There is no fun when Jacko is not there," was the chorus; then all sorts of misfortunes happened, "the fiddler's fingers won't go straight; he'll go and bust his bow!"

The father and mother came to see him, to the great indignation of the company. The men cried out when they were gone, "He ought to have twenty years" (penal servitude, understood). That he should beat his wife was natural, and probably served her right, but that he should so injure his boy was quite outside the laws of the game in their eyes.

The child had not the smallest feel-

ing against his father, but he quite agreed with this view, and added, "Yes, he ought to be in a cook-shop for a month, with nothing to eat but the steam he can lick off the windows." He had evidently served his apprenticeship to the sight of pleasures without the possibility of enjoying them. As he grew better he became a little restless, and used to run about, in his small hospital dressing-gown, sometimes with the temperature thermometer tucked under his arm, in and out among the beds; it was against orders, but neither nurses nor doctors chose to see him; the men sometimes interceded for him—"Let him run, nurse; it'll do him a lot o' good, poor little chap."

He was kept as long as possible, and was very sorry to go to the dismal home which he was to return to, although the mother seemed to be a tolerably respectable, quiet woman. His health was permanently injured, and he never could hope to be a strong man.

Another little thing of six years old, and looking even younger, was brought in, terribly burnt from sitting up in bed smoking "pretence" cigarettes in paper. The dressing of the wounds was so painful that he often tried to bite and scratch the nurses; but at other times he was a sweet little boy, of whom they were all extremely fond; and one of the nurses used to carry him about in her arms like a baby to visit the different beds, where he sang his little songs, which were very popular—"The girl I did court, and the ring I did bought, &c."

On one occasion a mere baby was brought in with a burn. It had been taken first among the children, but was suspected of measles, and the doctor ordered it into the men's ward, as a matter of precaution.

"I do not believe it is measles," said the nurse.

"What else can it be?" answered the doctor.

"Flea-bites," replied she.

The marks literally touched each other; she turned out right; it gives

some little idea of the dirt of the places from which some of the patients come.¹ The men who could walk were always fussing about the little cot, giving the baby her bottle, &c., &c., and those who were bedridden talked of it.

The presence of child patients in a ward is extremely beneficial; the men scruple at using bad words or swearing before them, and it brings out the best and kindest parts of their nature. In the wards where they are to be found, the men are always more civilised and better conducted.

There is an open time after tea, when the patients are allowed to do what they please. Music is the great distraction. When a nurse is there and can persuade one performer to sing at a time, and the rest to join in chorus, the effect is very tolerable; but when each man sings his own words to his own tune, and when the triangle, the penny whistle, and the jews-harp—the only instruments allowed—all take their own lines, the uproar of discord is tremendous; the pleasure in mere noise is evidently great after the enforced quiet of so many hours, and it must be remembered that many of the patients are lads under twenty. There are, however, more sedate pastimes—drafts, dominoes, and illustrated papers.

These are a few cases only among the thousands of sufferers. The manner in which the human atoms rise into the full light of hospital publicity, and are helped in all the ways that skill and kindness can suggest, and then disappear for ever in the great seething

ocean of life, into an oblivion as complete as that of death itself, is, however, very sad; not one in four or five hundred is ever heard of again. A few return on the visiting days to see their friends and thank the nurse or doctor, but the population inside and outside the hospital changes so rapidly that their visits soon cease.

The hospital itself, however, is anything but a sad place. On the women's side those who are married hanker after their children and their wretched homes, but the men are less troubled by sentimental regrets, and are extremely "jolly." They are mostly better off than they have ever been in their lives in material comforts; they have what is to them very agreeable society and a good deal of amusement; the nurses are cheerful, and low spirits are not the distinguishing feature of young doctors.

The immense change which a greater knowledge of the human frame has brought about in medical treatment has entirely altered the status of nurses; they must be sufficiently trained to carry out the orders of the doctors now, when the mere swallowing of drugs has become a small part of the cure. External applications have taken the place of the old practice; bleeding² and blistering are almost unknown. The use of the microscope, of the stethoscope, the taking of the temperature, are all discoveries of the last score of years. The idea of assisting nature to restore health has taken the field, conservative surgery has become the rule, and the value of good nursing has accordingly risen in proportion. "This is a case for the nurse," says the doctor continually, especially in medical cases, after giving his orders, which only an intelligent person on the spot, trained for the purpose to under-

¹ In one instance, a nurse sent in to help a dying woman found only a pudding-dish which could hold water to wash her face; in another there was nothing but a tea-pot. It must never, however, be forgotten that cleanliness is nearly impossible when every household operation has to be carried out in one room. It is here that the superior comfort of cottages tells most. Such overcrowding as cramming a whole family into one room is simply unheard of in the country, and there is a bit of garden or yard, space in short for the various works required, and for the children to play and be out of the way.

² It is told of a country practitioner of the last generation that he said to his assistant, "If you are called in during my absence and don't know what to do, bleed." In letters of the seventeenth century bleeding is prescribed for everything—sore eyes, dyspepsia, even small-pox.

stand what is before her eyes, could see carried out properly. "To put in practice the instructions she receives according to the changing exigencies at the moment of the sick person" is no light task.

The hospital is a charitable institution which may be said to do more good and less harm than any other. It does not pauperise, and gives help at the most critical moment to the sufferers. It is essentially Christian; there is no trace of anything of the kind in the ancient religions. Hospitals for cats and monkeys existed in Egypt and India, but it was as sacred characters, sick divinities, that they were well treated, not as fellow-creatures. It was not till Christianity taught the world the value of the individual human life, even when distorted and degraded by disease and misery, that such institutions became possible. It is the more to be regretted when we hear of any shortcomings in "Hospital Saturdays" and Sundays, and that the working classes do not take more interest in assisting the cause. Perhaps, if they could have some share of representation on the governing bodies of the hospitals, this at least might be to some degree remedied. The cause is their own, it is for their own

benefit, as they are strangely slow to perceive. The balance sheets of some of the unendowed hospitals are somewhat sad reading. In one case 20,000*l.* was asked for to conduct the work, which there is small chance of raising; and smaller institutions require far larger subsidies than they can get. A wider field from which to draw their resources would greatly assist the harvest necessary for the full development of the most useful of charities.

Probably also some small payments should be exacted from many who are perfectly able to contribute, for assistance which they receive at present in *forma pauperis*—an imputation which they would resent greatly in any other connection. To receive charity, in short, when they ought to provide the help for themselves, is to prevent those in real destitution from obtaining as much of the benefits of the institution as they would otherwise do. Many beds are left vacant in several of the best of the hospitals because the funds are not sufficient to support the expense of them, which is indeed a sorry sight for those who care for their kind.

F. P. VERNEY.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

THE Life which Colonel Maurice has written of his father has nothing to fear even from the prejudice which a plethora of biographies has created against each new-comer in the same field. In this case the work meets that desire to approach a very noble and remarkable personality which will always be far stronger than any such prejudice: it answers to a special necessity, and it is carried out with conspicuous ability. The necessity lay in this, that Mr. Maurice was one of those whom it was almost impossible to know or to appreciate justly except in that intimacy of personal intercourse which a biography can in a measure imitate, and which brings the different thoughts and acts of a man into some kind of relation with each other, with his own individuality, and with all the influences of his special antecedents and circumstances. And the ability of Colonel Maurice's work is due not merely to his allowing his father to speak for himself—a biographical expedient which is only effective when effectively used—but to the skill shown in his management of connecting links, in the selection of mottoes and page-headings which mark the points as the narrative moves along, to the candour with which unfavourable facts are allowed a place, but, above all, to the preservation in the son, alike to his own honour and that of his father, of the position, in itself so difficult to define, so easy to translate into commoner shapes, which his father held. As such, the book will stand high among biographies of its kind, which exhibit their "subject" faithfully and distinctly. It does not possess—and in the nature of the case the particular writer could hardly cultivate—the excellence of the other kind of biography, which attempts a critical

estimate, and in the light of later experience revises the judgments passed on contemporary people and events.

It is impossible to attempt any estimate of such a book without a profound sense of difficulty, which everything combines to increase. There is always a sort of irony attaching to the criticism by ordinary people of men whom genius marks as extraordinary: and Mr. Maurice stands out in this book as one of the most remarkable figures in this century for the independence of moral and mental originality, for range and subtlety of thought, for the magic of personal influence. "Those who were privileged to know him," says even the dry page of an *Encyclopædia*, "did not know a more beautiful soul." But this is not all, or nearly all. It was of the essence of his thought to claim to hold, and yet to modify, opinions the most various and even antagonistic: his mind had something of the "prophetic" quality which in a very real sense gets beneath and behind ordinary thoughts and the expression of them, and to which correspondingly ordinary criticism does injustice. There were few statements which viewed in some light or another he would not have felt to represent part of his mind: and accordingly it is difficult to affirm or deny anything about him without an immediate inclination to qualify or cancel the words. Nor can it be without something more than intellectual diffidence, with grave moral anxiety, that any one who reverences Christian faith and Christian goodness can touch the record of one who, endowed with so large a measure of both, claimed to have a message of rebuke and illumination for all schools of religion alike. I should frankly say myself that I think we are hardly in a position as

yet to do this rightly. The conditions under which Maurice lived and thought have changed rapidly, but they have not changed enough to enable us to-day to look with a sufficiently fresh eye at his work; nor has the test of time fully sifted out the true significance of his many-sided thought, and of the tendencies which were combined in it. To say this at the outset may perhaps give me liberty to express more simply and with less of continual qualification the little that I have to say. Colonel Maurice has told us that his father wished any publication of his *Life* to be delayed till twenty years after his death, and we could wish that the pressure of circumstances had compelled the extension rather than the reduction of the period.

I desire to treat the book, and the memory which it enshrines, as a contribution to the Christian Witness or *Apologia* delivered in our times. What would be out of place in many cases, is in Mr. Maurice's nothing more than a simple acknowledgment of the end for which he lived, and by which he would himself desire his life to be tried.

It will be a very great pity if the number and interest of the questions which the book arouses distract the minds of its readers from the personal life and character of the man. But the book itself gives some sign that this is likely to happen: for as it moves on we seem to see very much less of the man, in his home and in his personal life, than we did at first. It is a sign of this that the other personages who belong to the home become so much fainter in the picture. We almost lose sight of the venerable and pathetic figure of the father. The mother's death is implied rather than noticed. The relations to the sisters lose distinctness before they die. We have far less of the man in the second married life than in the first. The glimpses which we obtain of the relations with the sons make us wish to know more of a part of

his life, which, however, it was natural that Colonel Maurice should throw into the background. Of the later Cambridge time, during his professorship, we get only the faintest picture. We should like to know more of the holiday times and side interests which gave such life and colour to the biography of Kingsley.

But enough is given to us to make a very distinct portrait, and I am only anxious that readers when they read the book should not forget a part of their impressions which I think they will find, if they cast their thoughts back, to have been, for perhaps necessary reasons, more vivid in the earlier part of their reading. For a character like this may well set men a-thinking about itself and its springs; they will do ill to pass it over for the attraction of speculative and polemical matters. It may be that not the least remarkable thing to be thought of is that thinking should be required in order to realise the significance of such a character. So natural, so simple, so harmonious is it, that it is easy to forget what has been required to forge such products out of human nature, and what a combination of seeming opposites gives the richness to the colour. In the case of Maurice the most conspicuous instance of this is his humility.

Here we have a man who, coming up to Cambridge with no advantages, becomes the acknowledged leader of the most remarkable body of men within it, a man of whom Sterling could say "that he spent his time in picking up stones by the ocean of Maurice's genius;" Mill, that he regarded him as "in intellectual power decidedly superior to Coleridge;" Arthur Hallam, that he "moulded like a second nature men eminent for intellectual powers;" Hare that he was "incomparably the grandest example of human nature that it has ever been my happiness to know;" whom in late life the Juridical Society of lawyers "elect as their single non-

legal member in this country ;" who has the individuality and originality of thought, and the vivacity of conversation which give concreteness and substance to self-esteem. And as you walk alongside of this man by the biographer's help you are almost deluded into taking it as a matter of course that he should regard himself as quite an ordinary person, only behind others with whom he has to do in conscientiousness, judgment, or feeling; that he should build no great castles of ambition in the air; that he should accept and throw his heart into the country curacy at Bubbenhall, or the Hospital Chaplaincy at Guy's; that he should have the simplicity and warmth of a child in private relations. I say this without idealising Mr. Maurice's humility; and while feeling that the book does a little idealise it. The position into which he came, rightly or wrongly, did not leave him untouched by self-consciousness and self-assertion, or by the asperity and peremptoriness which they bring along with them. But underneath this influence of the part upon the player, the substance of the character remained unchanged. Meanwhile by another paradox this humility is not crippling, it does not hinder him from uttering what is in him to utter; it does not prevent him from being fearless in opposing and criticising his friends. Perhaps few passages in the book draw out so much admiration for him as those which describe his relations with his fellow-workers in the Christian Socialist cause; his willingness to help and work, and his readiness to disappear and efface himself are alike so genuine; his reverence for his fellow men is so warm and true; he "esteems them" so naturally "better than himself;" he lays such delighted emphasis on all their merits and excellences; his hearty use of instruments and methods is combined with such vigilance and readiness in detecting the moment when they begin to be hindrance rather than

help. But perhaps nothing strikes one so much as the courage with which he will face his friends and tear up one of their articles on its way to press, or stand out against them upon some distinction which perhaps seems to us fine, but in which he saw a principle. It is in this union, natural and unforced of what might seem opposites; in the combination, to add another example, "of severe earnestness of purpose with irresistible kindness;" in the large "compass" of character; in an individuality which some influence makes at once larger and richer and firmer and more distinct, and yet more self-forgetful and even self-condemning, that we take note of the deepest thing that such lives have to tell. In Maurice, at any rate, it admits of but one explanation. It is directly connected with the relation in which he stands to One who commands in an infinite degree the love and awe of his heart. It flows from what he himself called "continued intercourse with the Father of Light." It belongs, to quote the German Professor of Political Economy, to a man "drenched with Christianity."

It may, however, be objected by some, and felt by others, that the value of this witness to Christianity is materially diminished by the difficulty of determining what the Christianity was. It may be suggested that one whose attitude was often that of pronouncing all kinds of Christians wrong, and himself more wrong than all, cancels in practical effect very much of the value of his witness, because this does not point to any definite mould of truth or conduct. For the possibility that this should be said at all Maurice is responsible, and it is a grave responsibility. The most serious fear about the book is that it may have this effect on many minds. But though the difficulty is real, it is only by a confusion or inversion of the facts that it can be made to obscure the main effect. Broadly and popularly speaking, Maurice's profession

was that of an earnest and attached Christian and Churchman; and to make others the same should be the broad effect of his influence so far as its authority is acknowledged. We cannot too confidently insist that this interpretation of Maurice's position, which puts first his positive and commanding convictions, and leaves to a secondary place the theories and interpretations which he connected with them, is as scientific as it is natural. But this is of course only a popular way of dealing with the matter. A more careful examination of his position may serve to bring out in greater distinctness its positive character, and at the same time to give an opportunity for noticing what appears to the writer to be its very serious defects.

The point of departure for Maurice's mature life was, it is needless to say, the change by which, leaving the hereditary Unitarianism of his family, he accepted with deliberate and absolute conviction the doctrine of the Church about the Person of Jesus Christ, and in necessary connection with it the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. Thenceforward throughout his life that conviction was the centre and key to all his thought and all his life. It was never out of his mind. He never wavered or altered about it. He never betrayed the least inclination to alter or modify the language in which it has been embodied and transmitted in the Church. He thought that "it accounted for the facts which we know, that it satisfied the wants which we feel, that it led up to the truth which we desire." In setting forth that truth he did so much that it was possible for a friendly critic to say that perhaps "no living man had done anything at all approaching to what Maurice has effected in reconciling the reason and conscience of the thoughtful men of our age to the faith of our Church." And one such man has borne in touching words his witness to the effect: "If he, so wise and good beyond other men, could live and die in the assurance of the reality of this

light, he has borne a witness of its reality of which they who knew him best know best the power." And, as every one knows, he identified himself, not with a particular doctrine of that faith, however central, but with the whole system of the Church, with her Prayer-book, with her Creeds, and even with her Articles. We claim, and reclaim, for the Church of England all the value of that adhesion. But, I am well aware, the very completeness of it excites inquiry and suspicion. What, it will be asked, is the meaning and value of this attachment to a Church on the part of one who came more and more to repudiate, and be repudiated by, all its more prominent representatives of every school? Is it the paradox of an able and eccentric man who in the last days of a belief or an institution extemporises for it a new and ingenious *a priori* justification? Did he not really try to hold the belief of the Church along with other convictions which are really inconsistent with it? Does not his conduct and history tell for more than his theory? Are we not more with Maurice, if outside the Church of England and holding aloof from all definite religious adhesion, than if sharing his nominal position? There is force and common sense in such questions, and they may be taken to represent the conclusions of many minds about Maurice. As a man he is honoured and loved, as a witness to dogmatic Christianity and to the Church he is shelved. Practical logic will be pleaded in favour of this treatment. But the logic, whether practical or formal, must be valid; and its validity in this case requires that another explanation of the fact should be disposed of which is at least as likely to be true. That explanation would be that the isolation of Maurice's position, his repudiation of his fellow Churchmen, and their repudiation of him, were due partly to causes, which however powerful, from circumstances at the time, are of their nature accidental and personal rather than

essential; partly to mistakes, not so much as to the beliefs themselves, but as to their corollaries, and to their relation with other truths.

That the former part of such an explanation is likely will become probable to any one who will take dates into consideration. Maurice was baptised into the Church in 1831, he was ordained deacon at the beginning of 1834. In the interval the Reform Bill passed, Mr. Keble preached the sermon which has been accepted as a date of the rise of the Oxford Movement, and a year later the first Ecclesiastical Commission was to begin its work. But our immediate point is the general condition of the Church of England in and up to that time. Few institutions have ever presented a greater contrast between their theoretical character and its counterpart in fact. On paper the Church had a rich, orderly, and articulate system, a firm hold on her continuity with the Christian life of past times, an embodiment of her life in worship and observance which was at once vigorous, delicate, and sober. But one who looked from the paper picture to the other would hardly have recognised the identity. There was indeed in quiet places, and in forms which were to a fault unassertive, a steady tradition of life and practice corresponding to the Prayer-book type. But it was such that a sweeping glance over the field might easily have overlooked it altogether. The features which caught the eye would have been, perhaps, a hard and formalist rigidity, maintaining (with very unequally distributed jealousy) the letter of the system; a respectable Churchmanship, in which much real piety and ordered integrity of life was swathed in a conventional and politically Conservative maintenance of the existing order; and lastly, one region of religious life, diffusing influence more or less visibly beyond its own limits, of which it is enough to say that it had as much affinity with what the Prayer-book opposed as with what it maintained.

The effect, then, of such a state of things was that if you joined the Church of the Prayer-book you joined what existed for you in great measure on paper alone. You were not taken up into a life which gave to system its interpretation, which stimulated and corrected your thought, which enlisted your enthusiasm and employed your energies. You were left very much to yourself. Joining a theory, you did your part by theory. For such a state of things the Church of England suffered as she deserved. In this respect, it may be permissible to suggest a parallel between two men and two careers otherwise widely different, between Mr. Newman and Mr. Maurice. Both practically entered her from without, both contributed to her a powerful stimulus, both will rank among her great figures of this century; to both adhesion to her was adhesion to a theory which she was considered to embody; neither had that more intimate identification with her which in a nation or a Church is a matter of transmission as well as of logical persuasion. Both (though of course in very different senses and degrees) were lost to her effective service—Newman in another communion, Maurice in a position which if it keeps some in attachment to the Church, seems to others to propose to them an alternative between Maurice and herself. There is no good in disguising such facts: the Church's *Apologia* must be compatible with the frankest acceptance of her share of the blame for them.

With regard to Maurice, at least it is not difficult to see the bearing of what has been suggested. The very phrase "entering the Church" is not congenial to describe his case: what he did was to close with a great speculative and practical principle, presented to him by Revelation. This was the first step; and in immediate connection with it his synthetic quickness and dexterity recognised, or shaped, the whole teaching and order of the Church as a suitable and coherent

expression of this truth or principle, as he regarded it. Thus, he became, to all appearances, a Churchman of Churchmen. There was something almost too rapid and complete about it. There was something suspicious in a frame of mind which spoke of the Prayer-book in almost the same language as of the Bible, and invested the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion with a kind of seeming infallibility, contrasted rather in kind than in degree with the imperfections of all present-day theology. It suggested the symmetry of theory rather than the gradual assimilation and initiation of discipleship. What, then, was the mistake?

The mistake (if the writer may venture to speak in such a manner of one like Maurice) was that he did not sufficiently recognise the obligation under which he lay intellectually and morally to the Church from whom he had received the central Truth of her doctrine. Mr. Maurice saw clearly how the truth of the Incarnation was the key of the New Testament, and the crown and climax of all the lines of movement in the Old; he saw how it gave a centre to history, and morality, and thought. But having got it, and seen the illumination that it cast, he did not recognise how hard it was to get—in other words, he did not dwell enough on the fact, or, at least, the method, of revelation; he did not sufficiently remember that historically the truth was realised, guarded, perpetuated, and interpreted by the consciousness of the believing society, by the witness of the Church; or, if he did (and a verbal contradiction can probably be given out of his writings to any such statements), he did not recognise what this implied as to the claims and character of that society. In support of this, we allege his attitude to the movement which, contemporaneously with his own start, stirred in Oxford. It may fearlessly be asserted that his relation to that movement was one of the most unfortunate and unsatisfactory parts of his life,

and, in faithful reflection, of his biography. In plain language, it was narrow, unsympathetic, and, in public effect, uncharitable: in view of the notes of holiness and of depth in thought and life, which showed themselves in that movement, I had almost said that it was irreverent. And it was all the worse because it was that of a man the bent of whose genius, and the motto of whose thought, was to look for the good in all opinions, make that the key of their interpretation.

Now that movement, while it too had in it a considerable element of individual theorising, was in central purpose an attempt to restore the life of the Church, to make the blood flow in the veins of her system, to take up again the slack, the almost broken, thread of continuity with the Catholic Church of all times. From such an attempt Mr. Maurice should not have lightly parted; to it he should have been drawn by an attraction which would have caused him at least to suspend judgment, and to deliberate, and to learn, before he parted company and defied it, and took a lonely and self-guided path.

Let me not be mistaken. I am not saying that Mr. Maurice ought to have been, or could have been, a Tractarian, nor that the blame of severance is all on his side. Of the two temperaments and two functions which must always coexist in a healthy Church, the one which dwells on the affinities of its truth to other thoughts and things, and the one which emphasises the distinctive or unique character of that truth, one belonged to him, and the other to them. He had his task, his noble task, to do in going out to meet the thoughts of men who could not imagine that they had any affinity with a religion which they identified with some of its many unhappy associations; in "steading the men of an unsettled generation by eliciting the inward witness of their own hearts to the Gospel:" in persuading those who were full of the enthusiasms of liberty and humanity and self-help to recog-

nise in Christian faith their necessary and natural guide. In theological matter the same relative character of Maurice's work is illustrated by the fact that he wrote his *Theological Essays* to make Christian faith acceptable to the Unitarians, and his *Kingdom of Christ* with a like aim towards the Society of Friends, for a Christian witness in their own thoughts. On the other hand, it was of the essence of the Tractarians' work to get clear the conception of the Church in contrast to the world, and the grace of Sacraments in contrast to other divine gifts. In the then state of opinion within and without the Church, these were not easy truths to teach. They not only required to be put forward with distinct and bold outlines, but, for the time, truths complementary to them could at the best not receive an equal emphasis. There was an aggressive tone, there was an inclination to give no hearing to things which might (it would have been felt) be well enough in their place, but would only hinder the work in hand. But the complaint which is to be made of Mr. Maurice is that he did not see that that work was the primary necessity of the time, in this sense, that it alone could supply the foundation on which other work like his own could be built up; or to vary the figure, that it alone could supply the centre from which Christian thought might radiate without the danger of insensibly losing its very identity, and merging among the many varieties of conjectures and opinions. This was the tendency of his mistake; but the cause of it can be put more broadly and simply. A man who had received such a truth as Mr. Maurice had received from the Church should have been more careful of the context in which he found it. He should not have run off with it, and made what he could of it by the resources even of his own powerful, devout, and far-ranging mind. If he had discovered it, this would have been natural; having received it, he should have taken a different attitude. He should

have been prepared, to say the least, partly to learn, as well as to develop, what it involved. Had he done so, we cannot, of course, say what results he would have reached, but we are safe in saying that (for example) he would not have rejected off hand and *en bloc* Dr. Pusey's display of the baptismal language of the early Church; he would not have been so much at his ease in occupying so individualist a position; he would not (in one of his newspaper correspondences) have flung aside as meaningless such a distinction as that between the inspiration of the Scripture-writers and the ordinary gifts of God's grace.

Had he done so, the Church would have been enormously the gainer: we should have lost nothing of his positive thought, and there would be at this moment far less of antagonism between truths which should be complementary, far less tangling and crossing of what should be concentric circles of thought. But he would, on his side, have gained at least as much. Some of us will perhaps feel that nothing has brought home to us the educating power of the Christian faith more than the history of Mr. Maurice. What he held gave such a stimulus to his thought; what he left would have contributed so much to its harmony, and balance, and lucidity. We should have lost that "monotone," that sense of perpetual iteration, which makes one feel that a great theology is being narrowed to the scheme of a particular thinker. The Proteus-like character of thought, the haziness and difficulty which (as the biographer so candidly allows us to see) were constantly felt even by his friends, which made favourable critics, like Mr. McLeod Campbell, invert his meaning, and drew men to adhere to him for what he did not teach, the constant tendency to merge two truths instead of combining them, and to bring out the affinity between co-ordinate truths by obliterating the equally necessary distinction between them,—all this would have disappeared, or been modi-

fied into the wholesome distinctiveness of a marked and original personality.

These remarks are not made without definite purpose and meaning. The Church's conviction of truth is a broad and many-sided thing, wrought out in a corporate consciousness, fashioned by the action and interaction of various types of mind and temperaments, and in continuous sensitive response to the claims of different sides of Scripture, different aspects of revelation, different experiences of the human life with which revelation has to deal. Discipleship to such a conviction may act as a weight upon a dull man; may make a weak man complacently confused; but for a great and strong man it is admirably calculated to draw out the wealth of his genius, to give his thought the strength of harmony, completeness, and circumspection. I venture in this connection upon the only allusion that I shall make to the solemn topic which was the subject of that dismissal from King's College which a younger generation follows some of his greatest contemporaries in lamenting. In this matter surely Maurice wavered between two lines. In part he acknowledges the control just described, and his statements would then not pass the limits of legitimate speculation and suggestion. Bishop Wilberforce thought that they could have been put so as to pass the hostile board of King's College. But there was ever at hand another method of dealing with the matter, that namely which settles it by an *a priori* deduction (verified of course by a partial use of Scripture), from the single premise "God is love:" premise and deduction being conceived and drawn by the individual understanding. That method in its common form Maurice condemned with force and truth. But it is difficult to avoid thinking that in much of his language he drops into something very like it. This may be indicated by the words of Mr. Glad-

stone when he deprecated the decision of the King's College Council on this, if no other ground, that Mr. Maurice's utterances on the subject are hardly capable of reconciliation. The criticism would not, however, be made even for purposes of illustration were it not necessary to protest against those passages where in language the most harsh Mr. Maurice goes so far as to assume that his opponents are not themselves believers in a God of love. With regard at least to the most eminent of these, such as Dr. Pusey, it is certain that such a charge could only be justifiable on the ground that they had not arrived at that very conclusion from which Mr. Maurice himself shrank. But to return to the object for which I introduced this topic, the difference between the deeper and shallower parts of Mr. Maurice's teaching upon it seems to illustrate what is gained or lost to individual thought by such deference to the control of the Church's continuous and many-sided belief. Another illustration in important matter would perhaps not be hard to find.

This then is one thing. But there is another thing close beside it. The Divine working which is the object of Christian faith holds at every stage, and in every point, a twofold relation to the world in which it finds itself. It is old and new. It "fulfils" and it innovates. It is the climax of an ascent and it is a descent. It is natural and supernatural. It is so human that it seems at times as if we must have come to it, and the world must have come to it; and yet it is so much beyond us, that at other times it almost seems that it is too utterly unique to be true. It would have been of course childish and impertinent to put such sentences before Mr. Maurice as though they were not to him elementary truisms. And yet in full view of this it may be insisted that he did not consistently apply them. Had he done so (to speak of theological points) his teaching on

baptism *would not* have been fashioned in phrases which cover all the difference between the gift of that which we are not and the recognition of that which we already are; but he *would* have been able to supplement the concentrated emphasis laid on the novelty of the gift, by the invaluable teaching that it is of no arbitrary kind, but is and must be the gift to us of the true self, of enabling human nature to become what in God's purpose it already is. He *would not* have blurred into one our relations to Christ as Christians and as men; or (which is the same thing in other words) identified in time present an abstract Catholic Church with humanity; but he *would* have contributed to save the teaching of [the distinctive privileges, gifts and character of the concrete Catholic Church from becoming narrow and technical and exclusive by showing, as few could have done with anything like his sympathy and insight and captivating power, how dwarfed and poor the Church becomes unless she keeps constantly before herself and before men that it is only evil within and without, in her and in them, which prevents her from becoming in fact, what she is in idea, a cosmopolitan society, a perfect humanity, in which all the life of humankind, with all its variety of play and power, would find itself at home. He would have helped us to realise in a hundred ways who that life, even while it is outside, displays not a little of the character which if it were within would be the Church's glory and joy, and therefore deserves from Christians, both for what it is and for what it might be, no stinted measure of sympathy and reverence.

I believe we may appeal even to those who are themselves neutral whether such a mental habit would not have made Christianity in Maurice's hands a thing more lucid, and for them more possible. They would have felt it more human, less individual. They would have felt more that they were asked to embark on a ship, and not on

a very cleverly-constructed raft. But one would be willing to pursue the matter on to less theological ground. Such a habit of mind as we have desiderated would have escaped the confusion implied in such a sentence as "we must begin all our thoughts,—or rather our thoughts do begin from a Father," &c. It could hardly have failed to produce a reconsideration of the relations between form and spirit, which would have spared us from many indiscriminating speeches about formalism. Or, to speak of a matter of practice, I shall venture to add that we should not have seen Mr Maurice on the one hand claiming to hold all that the Bible, the Prayer-book, and the Articles teach, and desiring to impress men with the urgent importance and vital truth of what he thus believed, and yet, on the other, hearing with "delight" that a Sacrament had been administered indiscriminately to those who were, and those who were not, believers in the Divinity of its Giver, those who were and those who were not members of the Church which transmits that belief.

What is true of Mr. Maurice's thought is true also of his position. In both there is an independence and a fearlessness which commands our admiration. But in both this independence parts, and parts too lightly, with the things which should control it. Among the impressions which the book makes, one of the strongest is the increasing sense of the harm that it does to any man to stand by himself. "It is not good for man to be alone." To begin to regard it first as not surprising, then as a matter of course, then almost as a principle of action, that you differ from everybody and belong to nobody, is fraught with danger to character. It can hardly help leading to a greater disregard of the wholesome control which deference for the thoughts of his neighbours exercises over a man: and to the danger of a greater capriciousness and wilfulness. If you are always expecting to differ from everybody, you lose the motive

for careful and considerate attention to their real mind, which is supplied by the hope and desire of being in agreement with them. To a Christian all this which is true for everybody is additionally true for the reason suggested in the earlier part of this paper, namely, that whether necessary or no, a position of ready and continuous isolation is in sharp *prima facie* contrast to the position of intimate fellowship with the society in which you find, and with which you share, the truth which you hold. In saying this, I feel how harshly and unworthily and unkindly I may seem to some to be speaking of a nature so warm, so clinging, so generously affectionate as Mr. Maurice's. But he of all men would have permitted a reviewer to put one side of the case without being supposed to overlook the other. And in Mr. Maurice's life the side which is now in question was one of very serious and damaging import. Many readers will be conscious of an increasing peremptoriness and aggressiveness of tone which makes the second volume less pleasant than the first, and which is due in great part to this cause. No man should write that he hopes "the religious world will hate him more and more," and "hopes to hate it more and more:" or again, "As I was fortunate enough to find another way of bringing myself into discredit with the religious world." Judgment and charity were alike endangered by a tendency which could make him write of "a set of Church clubs which, I do believe, ten years hence will have left the Jacobin club and every other at an immeasurable distance behind them in the race of wickedness." Nor can such a position be evenly maintained; the very paradox of it leads to a man's being in more opposition to those with whom he shares the most solemn beliefs than to those with whom he has little in common but a desire to sympathise. And so in many cases, as the biographer points out (though he suggests his own explanation), the effect was

actually misleading; and it was possible for men to regard and join him as one who wished "to criticise or modify the Christian faith." He does not seem to have reflected, in his desire to be unpopular, that the unpopularity of maintaining, even crudely, even woodenly, the unchanging faith was one of those which deserved his sympathy and his interpreting charity. He let himself be wholly separated from the "orthodox" side, even apparently from dear and personal friends upon it, while he was in unhampered intercourse (though not agreement) with those who were availing themselves of the results of his influence to found, as his biographer says, "a new sect more negative in its tenets than any other." It is necessary to offer such criticism, but here, as so often elsewhere, criticism is half-disarmed by his own anticipation of it, by the touching record of his foresight, that the line which he took "would separate me from those with whom I should most wish to act, and would give me not only the appearance of isolation and self-conceit, but often the reality of both." Everything would dispose us to defer to the claim which he makes when he says that "It may be good here and there to have a man who holds himself more aloof from every sect and party than it is perhaps possible or right for most to do," to deny it might be to deny what was very probably in the deepest sense of the word a personal vocation. The Church would be very unhappy which had no place for her free lances and her pioneers: only we must claim full value for the admission implied in the latter part of the sentence; the free lances must not depreciate the ordered and deliberate movements of the main body, who have to bear the monotony of the march, and by whose steadfastness the battle must be decided. We are obliged to feel that these conditions were by Mr. Maurice very imperfectly observed.

It would then be impossible not to

criticise from a Churchman's point of view a life like this, in which loyalty and devotion to the Church are so equally mixed with aggressive controversy against her existing representation, and particularly against those to whom the title of a Churchman is especially dear. But the criticism has not been offered as so much mere polemic. It has kept in sight the object indicated at first, which was to show that Maurice's idiosyncrasy does not prevent him from being in practical effect what he lived to be, a witness to a Faith which he shared with those from whom he held so much aloof and of whom he spoke so slightly. It has been with a view of liberating this testimony that I have tried to show that by stopping when he did, neglecting what he did, adopting the attitude that he did towards his fellow Churchmen, he did not gain but lost; lost not only in his theology but in the substance and clearness of his thought, and (as regards public effect) in the harmony and tenderness of his character. If any who read the book should say that it has no net effect for them because they cannot see in it anything more than a beautiful paradox of individual thought and life; this is due, we should urge, to what makes Maurice weak, and not to what makes him strong: to his being less and not more of a Christian than he should have been.

But in the case of such a life, to which death has added a sacredness beside that which it drew from its purity and elevation, criticism even when necessary is painful. It will be happier service, still tending to the same end, to exhibit, in rapid summary, the points which show to how great a degree in tone and substance Maurice was identified with historical and Catholic Christianity. If such a description seems at any point to clash with criticisms already made, or with parts of his own teaching, it may fairly be claimed that the responsibility for this rests chiefly on him, and that no description of him, from any point

of view is conceivable to which some objection might not be raised, and which expressions of his own could not be quoted to sustain.

To begin when he would probably have wished us to begin, Maurice tells us repeatedly that he learnt from the Unitarians the belief in the Fatherhood of God (though he feared their own system would not allow them to retain it). But the doctrine of the Incarnation gave to this belief entirely new force, and he seems to have put that doctrine at once in its right place. He regarded it in the true spirit of Christian Theology, not as an opinion, or as an isolated belief; not as a fact subsidiary to a scheme of salvation, but as a centre of all life and all truth, "a common centre of the world;" as a great declaration and manifestation to us at once of God, and of man: a declaration of God as the Eternal Charity, and of the worth and dignity of man as the object and mirror of that charity: a truth in which "all other relations, even the most intensely affectionate," acquire a new "significance:" a truth which helps us to large-hearted treatment of the lives, and thoughts, and self-made religions of all men everywhere, because it shows what was the Divine power that shaped their course, and the human ideal that worked in all their good, even when unknown to them. Next, he saw that out of this revelation in life, nothing less than life could come: life embodying itself and inspiring a new society of a universal human sect, "a commonwealth with a personal centre." Therefore he rejected the irreligious modernism of men "forming Churches." Therefore he rejected also in perfectly legitimate language the idea of a Church founded on opinion. Probably somewhere in his works he has shown how the truth on which it is founded must in the intellectual region express itself in "opinion" or intellectual expression. Certainly his thought implies this: he is grateful to "fixed standards of doctrine;" he has found that "Creeds

have made the words of St. John intelligible to him in their length and breadth." He acknowledges in "the creed an heirloom of the Church which each generation of her members is bound to watch over as an essential sign and necessary safeguard of her existence." If he protests against "those who would give us only the husks of truths in systems," he protests also against those "who would give us only the juice of truths in feelings and sympathies." He realised the beauty of sacraments as "the *organon* (*sic*, ? the organs) of a revelation of life" theoretically and actually, and acknowledged this as "the lesson which he owed to the Tractarian School." He regarded "Episcopacy as necessary to the idea of a Church" as a security, and for its "comprehension and universality." He defended an Ordinal which set forth in strong and awful words the fact of a Divine gift: he saw in the ministry the result of a call which must be "felt more" and not less "distinctly" if the call of all men to their several professions is to be felt; and he looked to our "Catholic institutions" as the ground on which union with other Christian bodies round the centre of unity might be legitimately desired. He taught with the Church the existence of a Spirit of evil, "an evil will who must be a person." His inward life of keen and humbled self-scrutiny combined with his teaching to show how intensely he shared the Church's sense that the revelation of love was the revelation of the true character of evil in its malignity and depth, and we are grateful to his biographer for a glimpse of his steady and severe observance of her rules of self-discipline.

In the language congenial to belief so definite he repudiates with wholesome warmth the idea of "fraternising on our common Christianity, the mere *caput mortuum* of all systems," though his letter leaves us in doubt what practical expression he would give to

this determination. And he sees right through that species of "Liberality which is at once the counterpart and the greatest contradiction of charity." This is natural in one who saw that there could be no such thing as a "modified Christianity."

It would be painful in a very high degree to be obliged to conclude that one who so spoke and believed had not contributed more to help and strengthen his Church than to weaken and confuse her. And it is best to leave untouched a question on which all judgment that we can form must be so profoundly uncertain. To some, I am aware, it may seem in the nature of an irreverence to raise the question, still more to leave it with any but the most unqualified answer. The grounds for doing so, it must be replied, have been already given. In whatever degree Christian belief is bound up with individual theorising, and associated with attack upon all its own ordinary forms and representatives, it becomes thereby exposed to the peril of being no more lasting than the presence or influence of the individual who so presents it. Maurice would have felt this in fullest force: he would have disclaimed from the bottom of his heart any desire to make men the proselytes of his individual opinions; yet we cannot feel sure that his practical course escaped the danger. Men stood on a platform with Maurice; they heard him continually saying that he was *contra mundum*; they were dissociated from the help and support of their brethren and predecessors in the faith. The issues must needs have been various; it is better not to profess to disentangle them. But on the positive side of the account there is one item which may be registered safely and in golden letters. We talk of a personal influence which passes away with its own generation, but if in that generation (a generation, too, of turmoil and perplexity) it has won a number of individuals to that kind of Christian belief which comes of

having "seen and believed" the living power of faith in the Son of God, what a bequest is therein involved to the common life, into which all those threads of individual influence will work! Conspicuous individual instances are memorials to us of the work which Maurice probably did for the Church of England in very great numbers by the radiance of a Christian life joined to the testimony of a personal faith. But we may go beyond this. To all who believe that all true life is corporate, there is peculiar happiness in reflecting that that large life of the Church of which he said some things so well, has done with his influence what he would have desired. In such matters the best is apt to grow secretly, and the best results of Mr. Maurice's work would probably be found, if we could trace connections so delicate, where his thoughts and words have mingled with and stimu-

lated the efforts made in the last few decades by those who prize most every aspect of the name of Catholic, to realise in the interpretation of human thought and life present and past, the catholicity of the truth of which their fathers revived for them the definiteness and the vitality. The Church's corporate presentation of the faith which is her trust stands, we hope, in a very different position, and adopts a very different tone, towards the world of life and thought around it from what it did over fifty years ago. Mr. Maurice could not of course have accomplished this result; he would, we may think, have put the attempt to accomplish it on fatally wrong lines, which would have led to failure and break-up instead of construction and growth. But we may hold with confidence and gratitude that he made to it a great and stimulating contribution.

AN EPISODE OF CIRCLE VALLEY.

It had been a stormy day in Circle Valley, and earth and air were blended together in one vast impenetrable tone of monotonous grey. Clouds of flying snow were hurled to the ground only to be torn up again by the violent tempest, and sent bowling away through the pine-trees and foot-hills. Jackson's staunch log-house quivered before the blast, and the old man declared he had never seen such a day since he came to the valley. I had arrived just in time. The darkness was already beginning to gather ere I had discovered Jackson's buildings through the blinding snow, and I breathed a sigh of relief when I knew that I was not doomed to a shelterless night under such dangerous circumstances. It was with feelings of great satisfaction that I had followed Jackson into his large sitting-room, where a huge fire of pine logs blazing in an enormous fire-place did double service in furnishing both light and heat. The room, though rudely furnished, and of course, carpetless, nevertheless possessed an air of comfort which to me was greatly multiplied as I thought of my long cold day's ride. Indeed it seemed to me I had never before in my life been in such a cheerful apartment, and I quickly settled myself in a nook by the chimney to await supper. Jackson was a generous, hearty, old fellow, and gave me a slap on the back that nearly took my breath away, but for some reason or other made me feel very much at home. He presented me to three other men who, like myself, had been forced by the weather to seek the protection of his friendly roof. One was a jolly old miner from Pioche, the second was a tall, thin, gaunt man, an elder in the Mormon church—and a very entertaining fellow he proved to

be, and the third was a rough and ready ranchman from Grass Valley. The prospect of a several days sojourn here was more pleasing with such varied company, for I saw at once that they were all men who could relate an interesting chapter or two from their own experience if they chose to; and there is nothing like a snug fireside and a pipe to draw such men out. But the most interesting chapter—in fact one of the strangest tales I ever heard—came from quite an unexpected source. However, I must not anticipate. When we had partaken of the well-prepared supper, which Jackson's worthy better-half finally set before us, we all felt very contented and comfortable, and drew up to the fire with our pipes. The storm augmented with the darkness, and swept through the valley with increasing violence.

Jackson ventured out for a final inspection of his stable, and when he returned he closed the door and locked it with a positive air that plainly indicated that he did not expect to open it again before morning. But he was mistaken. For scarcely had he pulled a chair into our group, when there was a sudden barking of the dogs.

"Another benighted cuss wants to come in probably," said the old miner, with a grin.

Expressing great surprise, Jackson went to the door to obtain a view, if possible, of the approaching individual, or learn the cause of the disturbance, and out of curiosity I followed him. As he opened the door a terrific blast of cold and snow swept in, so that the men by the fire shouted good-naturedly—

"Shut the door—shut the door, old man."

Jackson laughed at this, and stepped

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outside, closing the door behind us—for I kept beside him. He stood peering into the chaos of storm for some moments unable to distinguish a single object. Then, shouting for the dogs to be quiet, he said—

"I don't believe there's any one or anything—let's go in."

Almost instantly there loomed up before us like a phantom, full under the light of the window, a muffled figure on horseback.

"Hullo, the house there!" the person shouted, not perceiving us as we stood shivering beside the door.

"Hullo," replied Jackson, through his chattering teeth, brushing the accumulating snow off his bare head at the same time.

"Can I have accommodation here?"

"Yes—of course—you couldn't go on nohow," yelled the old man.

"No, you're right—you're right. I couldn't go on, for the excellent reason that I wouldn't know where to go, even if I could see a rod a-head of my nose. The truth is, I'm lost, and I've stumbled on your place by pure accident. Ugh! I'm cold, and——"

The remainder of his sentence was torn off and swept away by the gale as the stranger dismounted, and shook himself to dislodge the snow which had packed itself in a thick coating all over him.

"Go in—go in," said Jackson, taking the bridle, "you are freezing here."

The stranger entered, as Jackson threw open the door and called his boy Tom to come and put up the horse.

"Good evening," the man said quietly to those inside, as he stepped over the threshold. "No, I'm not so very cold—not so very cold," he replied to my inquiries.

I poured him out a large glass of brandy. He swallowed it eagerly. Then he took off his wraps, and hung them on the pegs by the door, stamped his feet to shake off the snow which still clung to his heavy boots, and advanced to the fire. He stood sadly

regarding it, and his thoughts appeared to be far away.

"Rough night outside," remarked one of the group, with the plain intention of drawing the stranger into conversation.

"Y-ess—very—rough—very," he answered absently.

"Come far?" inquired another.

"Seemed a long way to me with that dreadful thing always confronting me," and a perceptible tremor passed over the stranger's frame.

We looked from one to the other for some explanation of this curious remark.

The stranger meanwhile continued to gaze steadily into the glowing fire. Evidently he was not in a communicative mood, and after his last words no one knew what to say to him, so we said nothing. I occupied myself with examining his appearance more closely. He was dark, and swarthy, and weather-beaten, I noticed, and though his jet black hair was streaked with grey his face seemed strangely youthful. His eye was roving and restless. His stature was below the average, and his frame was slender, I might almost say, delicate. A slight accent in the few words he had spoken seemed to betray a foreign origin, and there was a trace of Jewish blood apparent in the general cast of his features. His whole manner was that of a man wholly absorbed in thought, or brooding over some deep and secret trouble. Presently his supper was ready, and he sat down to it in silence. I watched the man closely when he was not observing me. He puzzled me, and I was curious to know what was the matter with him. My attention was finally diverted to a conversation between the elder and the old miner, wherein the former was trying to convince; the latter of the efficacy of the Mormon ceremony of the laying on of hands. The miner was hard to convince, and disbelieved the story which the elder brought up as proof.

"You don't believe it," the elder

said, "because you have never seen it tried, yet probably you could tell us something extraordinary yourself, and we might refuse to believe it because we were not eye witnesses."

"There's something in that; but I don't go much on spirits and that sort o' thing, you know."

"But have you never had anything which verged on the supernatural come under your observation?"

"Well, I don't know. Yes—there was the time my brother was killed in the Red Mountain mine. That was singular—but I don't think the spirits had a hand in it."

"What was it?" inquired the elder.

"Well, you see, the strangeness was not so much in his dying as in the apparent warning I had of it beforehand. I knew he was working a drift deep down in a new part of the mine, and I was worried about him because I knew the kind of rock he was going through. One night I dreamed that as he was working his shift alongside a comrade, a big piece came loose from the hanging wall, and crushed him so badly that he died in two hours, and it did not hurt his neighbour at all. I woke up, and the clock in my room struck three. The clock striking as it did, seemed to connect itself with my dream, and I could not shake off the feeling that something was going to happen. So in the morning I wrote a letter to my brother, begging him to keep out of the mine for a while. He considered it all nonsense, and said he couldn't possibly stay up just then. Besides, he said, the rock through which they were drifting was unusually solid, and there was no danger. Still I was uneasy, and on the third day after my dream I started for his mine. I arrived a few minutes past two in the afternoon, and as I approached the works I saw there was some excitement amongst the men. I rushed in and asked what it was that had happened.

"Man badly crushed," they said.

"His name?" I demanded; and they gave me the name of my brother.

"At this moment the cage came to the surface bearing his inanimate form. We took him to his lodgings, and everything was done for him, but it was soon all over, poor boy! Two hours after the accident he died, and singularly enough just as he died the clock in the room struck three. It was very strange."

"Very," I said; "yet doubtless, like many other things of the sort, a mere coincidence."

"Oh, yes—nothing more. I never thought there was any truth in the dream."

"Yet I myself have found truth in things quite as strange."

This sentence, uttered in the peculiar voice of the stranger whom we had completely forgotten, caused all to start. He had finished his meal, and had silently seated himself in the half-shadow at one corner of the chimney-piece.

"I have no doubt, sir," I said to him, "that you could tell us from your own experience something fully as strange as our friend's story, and I beg you will do so."

He had been looking steadily into the fire from his shadowy corner, and the side of his face was towards us. As I spoke he turned his head deliberately and looked me straight in the face for a moment. At the same instant some object beyond me which came in the line of his vision caused him to spring up, and he exclaimed hoarsely—

"That clock—did it stop to-day?"

Every glance was turned toward the clock which rested quietly on its shelf at the further end of the room, and was brightly illuminated by the ruddy glare of the fire. The hands pointed to ten minutes past five, though the actual time must have been about nine o'clock. The clock was stopped.

"Yes," replied Jackson, "the durned thing's stopped sure—but it's the first time for weeks."

The stranger groaned.

"My God!" he exclaimed, and he appeared much agitated.

There was a dead silence, and then Jackson said in a soothing tone—

"Tell us what it's all about, stranger—it'll do ye good."

"Perhaps," the man replied mournfully, with a deep-drawn sigh. "But it's a very strange story."

"All the better," said Jackson.

"Well, well," the man said absently, "it can do me no harm, and will doubtless interest you, so if you wish it I will try to relate my history."

We all with one voice urged him to proceed, and after a moment's hesitation he said:—

"I am not, as you might suppose, suffering the pangs of a guilty conscience, but the fearful oppression of a cruel and relentless fate." He paused as if for breath. The thoughts passing through his mind were evidently very painful. But he continued:—"However, I will tell you the whole. In the first place, I am not an American, as you may already have suspected; on the contrary I was born in the south of France. My father was a banker, of Jewish extraction, and my mother was the daughter of an English consul. Being called in by his government some months after the marriage, my grandfather returned to England, and my mother was then left without a single relative in the country. My father, though generally of an agreeable disposition, unfortunately for us all, proved to be a man of strange temper. Many years passed ere his peculiarities began to exhibit themselves. If my mother discovered them before, she was successful in disguising her knowledge of them, though it is probable that they were for the most part latent till the tide of fortune turned against him, and he suddenly beheld his wealth slipping surely and rapidly from his possession. He had resort to alcohol to buoy up his spirits and brace his nervous system. But this soon had no effect and he sought a more powerful and deadly stimulant.

He began to drink absinthe. Each day he took larger and more frequent doses, until his nerves were completely shattered by the seductive and extraordinary liquor. He was plunged deeper and deeper into the mire of misfortune. From opulence we sank to the very threshold of poverty. Happily we succeeded in saving our home from the general wreck, and we were not turned into the street as seemed so probable at one time. A hard struggle was now before us. I was by this time old enough to turn myself to account, and with the remainder of the family—four brothers all older than myself—succeeded in earning enough to supply our daily needs. I fortunately secured a place as assistant in the post-office; two of my brothers already had employment in a bank, another had just finished a course in pharmacy, and compounded prescriptions at an apothecary's; while the oldest was private clerk to a wealthy wine-merchant. We might have obtained money by selling some of our furniture, much of which was of curious workmanship and great antiquity, but nothing short of actual starvation would have induced us to part with it. Amongst other rare articles we possessed a complicated, and elaborately-constructed, musical clock. The devil himself must have designed the infernal thing. However, the case of this clock was carved and inlaid in the most sumptuous fashion. It was the first, and I believe, the only clock of the kind ever constructed. It had been made specially for one of my father's remote ancestors, a vicious and cruel old duke, by a celebrated clockmaker of that period who was said to be also an alchemist and magician of extraordinary power. He must have been Satan himself. It was always supposed that this man had invested the clock with strange powers and properties, but we had never up to the beginning of our misfortunes remarked in it anything out of the ordinary. There were vague traditions that had been handed down with it from generation to generation.

Chief amongst them was one that hinted that the time-stained dial had looked down on several deeds of darkness. These in some mysterious way it possessed the power of recording, and if one held the secret he might have them pictured before him; in fact he could bring up in a sort of panorama all that had ever passed at any time in front of the dial. We did not believe any of these things; if we had, we might have rid ourselves of the diabolical machine, and our family history might have run differently. But the mysteries of the future are sealed to us, and we continued to regard the old clock with that reverence and affection which one always has for things of that sort that have been handed down from father to son for many generations. The clock was an exceptionally large one—so large indeed, that a person of average height could easily enter the case and close himself in behind the massive carved door. Once, when a lad of goodly size, I happened to be left alone in my father's bed-room where the clock always stood, and I was suddenly seized with an uncontrollable desire to enter the case in search of the secret springs which I imagined must exist there. I boldly opened the door, and had almost closed myself in, when I felt a dreadful pricking sensation all over my body. This pricking sensation grew each moment more intense, and I was oppressed by a feeling of faintness and heat. I was also horrified to discover that the ticking had stopped. Much frightened, I hastened to get out, and the instant I did so the pricking sensation disappeared, and the pendulum resumed its monotonous swing. My brain reeled, and I was glad to make my escape from the room. I never dared to repeat the experiment. I knew if I were discovered tampering with the clock, my father would be very angry, and his anger was a thing to be dreaded as the caravan dreads the simoom. You will pardon me for relating these insignificant details, I hope, but all

my life comes up before me now with the freshness of a picture—and perhaps it is the last time I shall ever rehearse it." He paused and stared sadly into the fire.

"Give us all the details you like," I said; "your story is very interesting."

"Thank you," he answered. He passed his hand across his eyes and continued—

"My father at length began to have occasional attacks of a peculiar and violent delirium, and during these attacks he was extremely unmanageable, though he showed no inclination to do any one bodily harm. Sometimes, however, he injured himself more or less, and we considered the feasibility of placing him under some sort of constant surveillance, but my mother thought it best to permit him, at least for a time longer, his full liberty. One morning, however, he was discovered insensible in his bed, and my mother was nowhere to be found. A window which opened into the garden bordering the river was ajar; clothing, jewels, and articles of furniture were strewn about the apartment in wild confusion. On my father's brow was a frightful gash which had bled profusely, dyeing the bed and carpets crimson. There had evidently been a commotion and a struggle, but as all the walls of the old house were exceptionally thick, not a soul had heard a sound. So soon as my father's insensible form could be removed to another room, a search was instituted for my mother. All the closets and every place where she could possibly have been concealed were carefully examined, but with no success. We were about to conclude that she had been carried off by brigands, when I happened to notice that the old clock had stopped, and remembering my old experience with it, I rushed to it and tore open the locked door. There before me, insensible and apparently lifeless, lay the form of my poor mother. We tenderly took her out, but all attempts to resuscitate her

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were unavailing. She was dead. There were no marks of violence about her. Her colour was fresh and lifelike; but some blue spots on her throat were discovered, and it was then thought that my father had perhaps dealt foully with her while he was in one of his fits of delirium. But on recovering sensibility, he declared he had been suddenly attacked—he supposed by robbers—and he knew nothing more. He was arrested, and the case was tried before the magistrate, but there was absolutely no proof that he had committed the crime. He, too, had been seriously injured, and the whole affair was finally dropped, and regarded by many people as the work of a band of clever brigands that infested the neighbourhood, and which, it was surmised, had some special grudge against him. My father's first care after the matter had been decided was to start the old clock, the hands having remained in the position they were in on the morning of the tragedy—they still indicated ten minutes past five. For many years the clock had not been stopped for so long a time, and my father for some reason was much exercised because it had been neglected. He appeared to have now a greatly increased desire to guard it and keep it going, and he watched it with intense solicitude. It had always been astonishingly regular, and it was expected to continue as before when it was again started; but it failed to do so. I was standing close to my father's side when he opened the door to touch the pendulum the first time after the mournful tragedy, and I observed a tremor pass over him. His hand shook as he reached out to push the rod. When he touched it, the clock immediately resumed its regular beating, but there was an instant stirring of the musical apparatus, and the deep notes of a *requiem* vibrated on the air of the silent chamber. As the pipes poured forth the melancholy strain my father started back, bowed his head, and remained in this attitude

silent as a statue. He was deeply moved. Since that fatal night he had changed for the better, and not a drop of absinthe had passed his lips. He was feeble and nervous, but I believed he had resolved to abandon his stimulants entirely. I prayed he might have the strength to adhere to his resolution, and it gratified me to see that the solemn music affected him. I considered it a sign of bright promise. The tears rolled down his pale and haggard cheeks, and as silently as I could I stole out of the chamber and left him alone. When the next fifth hour came round the clock stopped at ten minutes past, to the great annoyance of my father, and it continued in this way for ten days, stopping at ten minutes past five as often as it was started and occasionally playing the *requiem*. My father watched it with eager anxiety, and each time so soon as it stopped he started it again. He seemed to have a special horror for the position of the hands at ten minutes past five, and constantly feared the very thing which happened, the stopping of the clock at that hour. Finally he declared something must be wrong with the works, and though when the ten days were over the clock went on as usual, he had an expert mechanic come to overhaul it thoroughly. I watched this man with almost breathless interest as he examined the clock preparatory to taking it apart. At last, I thought I was to know something about this strange machine which had, since earliest childhood, been such a great mystery to me. I was about to view with my own eyes the curious machinery that many a time had struck me dumb with wonder by its performances. Even in my later years I could never conceive by what means the clock contrived to execute its manifold duties, and I followed the mechanic's movements with, as I said, almost breathless interest. But I will not weary you with a description of it."

"By all means tell us about it," we exclaimed almost in a breath, for by this

time we were intensely interested in the strange man's strange story.

"I have no objection," the man said in the same sad tone; "but I must say that the mechanic failed to comprehend a large part of the machinery, and of course it was still more unintelligible to me. However he first took out the pendulum and the weights and then removed a large upper case which inclosed the principal works. This brought to light a square mass of intricate brass and wood-work, and numerous wires of copper that seemed to extend to all parts of the case. The time-measuring apparatus was immediately in front, and connected with it was a series of wheels and cylinders. Next came the long cylinder with its innumerable little brass pins which, operating on a key-board, admitted the compressed air from a bellows arrangement into the pipes. The latter were all of fine wood over seventy in number, of varying size, and constructed with admirable precision. But the strangest part of the machinery was discovered immediately below the pipes. It was a box-like cavity containing numerous sheets of beaten silver attached to copper frames; and several hermetically sealed glass cylinders partly full of different coloured liquids. The whole of this was connected by wires with the rollers and wheels adjoining the time-apparatus. Besides these curious things there were on both sides, and also connected by wires with the rest, a number of parallel rods of copper and zinc. The man refused absolutely to touch anything but the time portion, and this differed very little from that of other clocks of the period except in the excellence of its finish. There was nothing out of order and the mechanic expressed great surprise that the clock had stopped. He replaced the few wheels he had taken out and went away. The clock was left to itself. My father appeared to dread the sight of the room in which it was—his old bed-room—and never slept there. Strangely enough he in-

variably visited it several times each day to see if the clock was still going. There was never a more faithful time-piece, and as faithfully did my father now abstain from all intoxicating drinks. With so much energy did he devote himself to his business that it was not long before he began to recover his lost ground. Before three years had passed he was once more in comfortable circumstances, and seemed to have entirely forgotten the dreadful occurrence which had been the cause of his reform. In the fifth year after the tragedy he was in excellent health, in the full enjoyment of returning wealth. He had actually begun to pay his addresses to a rich and handsome widow of our neighbourhood, when suddenly the old clock took another freak and halted at ten minutes past five, thus vividly recalling the melancholy affair of five years before. It was faithfully started, but behaved precisely as it had behaved the first time, stopping each day at exactly ten minutes past five. My father was extremely troubled. He grew pale and haggard, and was evidently suffering deeply from the unhappy memory. He kept to his room and sat long hours with his face buried in his hands, hearing nothing—seeing none. When he looked up his eyes had a vacant, glassy expression that gave us much alarm. We did all that we could to soothe him, but our efforts were unavailing. On the morning of the tenth day after the first stopping of the clock we discovered him dead, with an expression of intense agony on his features, and strange blue marks about his throat. We found also that the old clock had again stopped at ten minutes past five, and when it was started the pipes sounded the solemn notes of the *requiem*.

"After this it continued with its customary regularity, but my brain was haunted by its extraordinary performances. I tried to shake it off, but I could not. I beheld looming up before me everywhere I went a tall spectral clock, the hands of which were fixed

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on what I now began to regard as a fatal hour, ten minutes past five. Besides this the slow notes of the *requiem* rang constantly in my ears, and my every motion seemed in cadence with it. At length I thought I saw a connection between the stopping of the clock at the time of my mother's death and the later one. There suddenly appeared to be meaning in it. I recalled the fact that my father had died precisely five years after my mother, and I believed the stopping of the clock was some kind of a premonition. The matter worried me for weeks, and then, unable, to form a solution of it, I gradually forgot it amidst the distractions of other affairs. I told you, I believe, that I had four brothers. Well, about a year after my father's death the clock stopped a third time, in the same mysterious way, at ten minutes past five, and persisted as before in stopping at that hour as often as it was started. Out of respect for my father's fondness for the clock, a servant was instructed to keep it going. We thought it only another freak that might last for several days, after which it would continue as before. Such at least was the opinion entertained by my brothers, but for my own part I was much alarmed because I thought I saw more in this stopping than the mere interruption of the regularity of the timepiece. I believed the stopping to be a harbinger of misfortune, and my thoughts on the subject after the death of my father now returned to me with double force. When I divulged my ideas, however, I was ridiculed, and being the minority I was obliged to refrain from further expressing my views on the subject. The clock continued to stop exactly for ten days at the same hour. On the morning of the tenth we were shocked by the discovery of our eldest brother dead, his throat marked with blue, and a dreadful expression of fear on his countenance. The clock hands pointed to ten minutes past five. I was now certain that the

stopping was full of horrible significance. I hated and dreaded the diabolical machine. I wanted to crush it out of existence. I longed to destroy it to the very last wheel and pinion, but my remaining brothers regarded me as one demented when I suggested it. They appeared to inherit from my father the singular reverence for the hateful clock as well as the desire to have its motion uninterrupted. I said nothing more, but began a close analysis of its peculiarities. I discovered that my brother had died one year after my father, almost, if not exactly to the minute, and my naturally superstitious nature was henceforth thoroughly imbued with the idea that there was some mysterious and fatal connection between this curious clock and our family life. I felt sure the ten minutes past five so persistently adhered to on the different occasions was a symbol of destruction for us. I reviewed the whole matter. My mother had been foully murdered by some person or persons unknown. The clock had been found stopped, with her corpse within its huge case. No doubt, I thought, the clock had stopped at the very moment her spirit fled, and her poor body was crushed into the case. My father had died precisely five years after this, and the clock had stopped in its singular fashion, apparently giving him ten days' warning of the approach of the fatal hour. The five years, I decided, after much consideration, must correspond to the number of hours recorded on the dial at the moment of the murder. So I concluded that this meant that five years after the murder there was to be another death, with as many days' warning as there had been minutes on the dial, *i.e.*, ten. Who was to die? was the next question I put to myself. There could be but one answer, it seemed to me—the murderer. Could it be possible, then, that my father was actually the murderer? In one of his fits of delirium he was irresponsible and capable of anything. It was

a horrible thought, yet it was the natural sequence of my investigation.

"I resolved not to quail and accepted it as philosophically as possible. He had doubtless done the deed in a delirious moment. The gash in his head I explained by supposing that he fell against some hard object when the frenzy was spent. It was highly probable that he afterwards had no recollection whatever of the matter. I remembered, too, the pricking sensation I had experienced on attempting to enter the case when a boy, and it occurred to me that the clock might be so constructed that when an object was placed inside it, and the door completely closed, that object would be subjected to a violent galvanic shock that in most cases would produce death. Then I thought my father had only imprisoned my mother in the clock without knowing its dreadful power, though, even had he known, he would not have hesitated in his madness. Perhaps the clock had served to exterminate objectionable people in the days of its original possessor, and though the secret had been lost, it still retained its peculiar qualities. The constructor of the machine had responded to the demands of the duke by giving him a clock by which an instantaneous and mysterious death might be produced, but it was evident that he had also invested it with properties that would avenge the murder by making the life of the perpetrator miserable just at the time when he considered the crime a thing of the forgotten past. The old duke, so the tradition ran, had died in a sudden and mysterious way, and considering all these circumstances, I believed that if I could only secure the clue to the secret machinery, I might know not only all about my mother's death, but everything that had occurred in the same room with the clock since the day of its completion. I was confident that it was telling the time in its singular way when our blood-stained family should be extinct.

"I racked my brain for the meaning

of the 5-10 symbol, and I finally found it. In order that you may better understand it, I must recall the fact that my eldest brother died exactly one year after my father, and that I had four brothers. Counting myself, we were therefore five; and supposing that one of us should die with each succeeding year, five years after the death of my father, and ten after the morning of that dreadful occurrence which had left an eternal stain on our family name, would find every one of us in the grave. Evidently, then, the five figure of the symbol indicated the five years that had elapsed before the death of the murderer, and the ten the years that should pass away before the whole family would be annihilated.

"Arriving at this conclusion, I resolved to destroy completely the infernal machine, with a hope of averting the catastrophe, but fearing the wrath of my brothers, I decided finally only to disable it, so that it could not be set in motion again without great difficulty. With this intention I stole into the room where it stood. This room was never occupied after the death of my mother, and, like all rooms that have been unoccupied for a long period, impressed me with a sense of vacancy and lifelessness that was far from agreeable. Having some mechanical dexterity, and remembering the construction of the clock from the time when I had watched the man examine it, I determined to injure the peculiar escapement so that the injury would be barely perceptible, and yet would effectually prevent the ratchet wheel from performing its revolutions. To make doubly sure I meant, also, to remove some minute pinion, so that any but the most thorough attempts at repair would be baffled. The hour was late, and the room was sombre and ghostly. I confess that a nervous thrill passed over me when I found myself alone and face to face with the mysterious machine which I now considered the cause of all our ill-fortune. I paused to regard it for a moment, and I plainly

heard the regular ticking of the huge pendulum, which seemed to me to be repeating solemnly the words—five—ten—five—ten—five—ten. Suddenly there was a swift buzzing of wheels and the clock began striking. Instinctively I counted, though with an indescribable sensation of dread—one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten! I glanced at the dial. The hands pointed to half-past six, yet I had counted ten strokes of the bell. 'Was it another premonition?' I asked myself. At first I thought it must be a mistake on my part, but some further consideration showed me that it was indeed a repetition of the ten figure of the symbol. Being the youngest son, my hour, as affairs were going, would come last, or, according to my interpretation of the symbol, in the tenth year after the murder. It was a warning to me in person that my days were exactly numbered. As I fully realised this, the angry blood flew to my temples, and I lost all self-control. Enraged and desperate, I forgot everything but the infernal machine before me. I grasped a heavy oaken chair, and concentrating all my fury into one tremendous crashing blow, I shattered the old clock into a thousand fragments. At the same instant I received a peculiar and violent shock as from an electric current of intense power. The chair was stricken from my hold, and a strange tingling sensation first perceptible at the ends of my fingers spread almost instantaneously over my entire person. I fell back, and sank, as it seemed to me, into a bed of softest down, with an indescribable sense of comfort and delicious languor. My body appeared to have lost all weight, and was wafted gently off into ethereal space. Like a feather I sailed away on perfumed zephyrs. A delightful feeling of eternal rest and tranquillity pervaded the whole universe as I drifted airily on and on. Distance was nothing, and weight had vanished. My will-power had forsaken me, but

after a time I succeeded in concentrating my thoughts enough to wonder what had befallen me. Whither was I drifting? I thought. Was I dead, and was this my spirit only that was thus drifting—drifting? Would I—could I remain for ever in this blissful condition, drifting without time, without care, through all eternity? There appeared to be no beginning, and there was apparently no end, and I was wafted dreamily on. Suddenly a sweet voice whispered in my ear, 'Prepare thy soul; ten minutes past five is the hour, and the year is not far hence.'

"The voice died away, and darkness fell in place of the glorious light. A cold chilling sensation swept over me, and I strained my eyes into the deep gloom. I found myself on earth, and recognised the outlines of my father's old chamber, with the fragments of the clock scattered about me. The room was nearly dark, for night was coming on. The tomb-like stillness frightened me. I sprang to my feet and rushed in terror to my own apartment. I pondered long on my vision or dream, but the more I pondered the less was I able to decide whether it was merely the result of a swoon caused by a blow on the head, or a shock from the galvanic apparatus of the clock, or whether my spirit had in reality been transported away into space for some minutes, there to receive a special warning.

"My brothers soon discovered that I had ruined the clock, and they were very angry. When I attempted an explanation they said I was a fool, and refused to listen. At this I lost my temper, and we had a great quarrel, the result of which was that I decided to take my share of the estate, or rather its equivalent in money, and depart from the wretched place altogether. I breathed easier, however, because the clock was in a condition beyond the possibility of repair, and I had a faint hope that with the destruction of the odious thing the remainder of our family might escape the fate which I firmly believed had been

marked out for them. I went to Paris, and tried to forget the whole of our unfortunate history, and lose sight of the hateful symbol in a mad whirl of pleasure. But to no purpose. I had been there only a few months, when I received news of the sudden and peculiar death of the eldest of my remaining brothers. I made a calculation, and found that he had died just two years after my father, and therefore seven after the day of the murder. I was now sure that I was not the victim of an absurd superstition, or a diseased imagination. Indeed, I was positive that my solution of the clock-symbol was the correct one, however strange it might seem. Accordingly I knew I had but three more years of this life left to me, and I again warned my remaining brothers that they had respectively one year and two years more to live. For my own part I was driven half mad by the vision of the old clock, which was constantly before me, the hands fixed at ten minutes past five, and the dial sometimes presenting the outlines of ghastly heads. Every clock I saw intensified this hideous vision, and I soon grew to hate the very sight of one. I longed for some desert land or mountain fastness, away out of the world, where there should be no clocks. At last in my despair I resolved to flee to America, and somewhere in the vast solitudes of the Great West find some lonely vale where I could live secluded and alone. I would spend the remainder of my days there, regardless of time, in reckless adventure and careless ease.

"Having learned to speak English from my mother, when a child, I found no difficulty with the language on my arrival. I made no haste to reach the mountains, for I tried to banish entirely all thoughts of time. I strove to consider myself still in that outer world that had appeared to me in my vision, where time and distance were banished. But I could not forget that dreadful haunting symbol. O, God, what misery! You cannot

realise it, my friends. It clung to me and followed me everywhere—everywhere—everywhere. Then it received fresh emphasis; I received notice of the death of one of my brothers. He died exactly a year after the last. I immediately severed all communication with the remaining brother, so that I should not know the date of his death, and I retired into complete solitude in a wild and unknown cañon, in the vain hope of escape, but the symbol came up more vividly than ever. Every rock took the shape of a curious clock, striking over and over again the fatal number, and the dismal cawing of the ravens fell like mockery on my ears. I felt that I should go stark mad if I remained in that place, so I quitted it and wandered ceaselessly from valley to valley, and from crest to crest, seeking diversion. I staid in one town or in one habitation only long enough to rest and learn the road to another. Still the apparition followed me, and even to-night as I pushed my way through the snow, I heard the same ten strokes of the bell. I felt that the fatal hour was not far off. I was becoming benumbed, and my horse found his own path. I knew not where to go, but suddenly I found myself face to face with this house and almost under the glowing window. As soon as I became warm, the stagnant blood coursed through my veins, and life appeared beautiful to me. For the first time in many weary years I almost forgot my fate and the hateful symbol. Imagine, therefore, my despair when my eyes fell on that clock and beheld its awful warning. My heart stood still, and the blood froze in my veins. I knew that my hour was nigh. I know, I feel, that the tenth year is done, and that to-morrow morning, at ten minutes past five, my soul will take its flight into the mystery of mysteries. The deed of blood will be avenged. So be it."

He ceased, and stared despondently into the fire. No one spoke for some time; then we did our best to console the

poor man, assuring him he was merely the victim of his own imagination, and urging him to shake off his melancholy. But it was unavailing. He retired sadly to the chamber assigned to him, and in the morning when we opened it to wake him and chaff him about his fears, we found him cold in death, an expression of the most intense agony still resting on his con-

torted features, and on his throat some curious blue spots, looking as if some bony hand had clutched long and hard around his neck. We buried him under a pine tree, and it was many months before I could rid myself of the disagreeable sensations produced by the extraordinary occurrence.

F. S. D.

A CHAPTER ON FRENCH GEOGRAPHY.

It is curious to see what errors even instructed English folks fall into on the subject of French geography. Not long since a popular and accomplished novelist, in the description of a French town which headed one of her stories, made as many geographical blunders as there were words in the sentence. Later, another lady, discoursing in one of the leading reviews, on the abject condition of peasant proprietors in France and the disadvantages of small holdings generally, made a blunder far more serious. The country this writer described was Savoy, and the inhabitants, Savoyards; but she took no account of the fact that Savoy was only made French by a stroke of the pen in 1860, and that therefore there could be no analogy whatever between the agricultural class she was describing and the normal condition of rural France. A third writer, also a lady, the other day showed equal ignorance of facts every child of thirteen ought to know. She had been spending three weeks in Alsace, and published her experience under the head of a tour in the Vosges. Now without referring to maps or geographies, it is clear to all who travel in these parts that the chain of the Vosges divides the department of that name from Alsace. Nothing can be more self-evident. But if a traveller cannot trust his own eyes there is Joanne to instruct him,

and Joanne's little manuals are to be had everywhere for the asking. If then thus hazy are the notions of those who take pen in hand to instruct us, how much more so must be those of the world in general! We meet with English and American tourists as familiar with Switzerland as with their native village, yet if you tell them that Mont Blanc belongs to France, and that Chambéry is the *chef-lieu* of a French department, they look positively incredulous.

It is less surprising that errors should be made both in print and in conversation regarding the alterations caused in the French map by the Prussian annexations of 1871. Alsace is no holiday ground of English tourists. The line of railway between Strasburg, Mulhouse and Belfort is not often diverged from, yet seeing that mis-statements on the subject still creep into print, it may be useful to give a precise account of what then took place.

Able as we are to rely on our silver streak, we can hardly realise the feelings of our French neighbours when they now survey their diminished territory and altered frontier; and it is these mutilations more than anything else that have destroyed the prestige of imperialism in France. As the late M. Henri Martin was constantly insisting on, the Bonapartes have been the mapmakers of France to her cost.

The illustrious historian set himself the task of disseminating accurate geographical knowledge among the people as the best means of combating Bonapartism, and one of his achievements in this field is quite a bibliographical curiosity. It is a halfpenny publication consisting of map and pamphlet, the purport of both being to show what losses of French territory were caused by the First and Second Empire. The map is in black and white except for two portions printed in colours, representing respectively the mutilation of the frontier occasioned by the treaties of 1815 and 1871. Roughly speaking, the triangular blotch in M. Henri Martin's little map, indicating that portion of territory annexed by Prussia, would cover any other choicest region of France; but it was the position of Alsace-Lorraine that made these provinces so valuable. A glance at the map will show us why the consequence of these encroachments should be the transformation of Besançon and Dijon into strongly fortified places. Odd as it may sound, Dijon is a frontier town, and is protected by a formidable girdle of forts erected within the last ten years at a cost of many millions. No foreigners are permitted to inspect these forts; but the curious in such matters may gather some notion of the altered aspect of the Dijon of to-day from the breezy height of Mont Affique, or any other summit commanding the town. It may also be noted that in many places, now considered on the frontier, the telegraph wires are laid underground as a precautionary measure in case of war. The pretty little fortified town of Auxonne on the Saône, near Dijon, needed no additional works of defence. It had already defied every effort of the Germans to take it in the last war; but as we proceed eastward towards the frontier we find what has been done in this direction. Besançon has been greatly strengthened, and forts have been erected on commanding positions between that city and Montbéliard, whilst enormous addi-

tions have been made to the fortifications of Belfort. The double *enceinte* begun by Vauban has been enlarged, and new forts added in order more effectually to cover the pass between the Jura and the Vosges, known as the Trouée de Belfort. These undertakings, pushed on as expeditiously as possible, have yet occupied the last decade, and the necessary outlay has of course heavily taxed the resources of the country. But such precautions were unavoidable. The exactions of Prussia in 1871 were so adjusted as to lay open the entire eastern frontier of France.

In the fewest possible words we will then state the precise partition of territory that took place upon that occasion.

One of the first acts of the Constituent Assembly, as everybody knows, was to do away with the ancient divisions of France into provinces, so embarrassing from a fiscal and administrative point of view, and in order to effect the political unification of the country, divided it into eighty-six departments, a scheme of which Burke wrote: "In the spirit of this geometrical distribution and arithmetical arrangement, these pretended citizens treat France exactly like a conquered country." The Duchy of Lorraine was apportioned into four—La Meuse, La Meurthe, La Moselle, Les Vosges.

With the first mentioned, bordering as it does on Belgium, the Prussians did not meddle—it was not their affair; but of the two second, viz., La Meurthe and La Moselle, so large a portion was taken that of the remainder one had to be formed. This is now the department of Meurthe and Moselle, with the beautiful city of Nancy for its *chef-lieu*.

We still find in English works references to the departments of La Meurthe and Moselle, as existing separately, so that it is worth while making the point quite clear.

The picturesque Vosges was only deprived of one canton, Schirsmeech,

but when we come to the magnificent province of Alsace, we find so much taken away that only a mere fragment remained—a precious fragment, certainly, but nothing compared to the forfeited portion.

Alsace united to the French crown in 1648 formed the two departments of the Upper and Lower Rhine, with Strasburg and Colmar for *chef-lieux*. Of this vast territory only Belfort was rescued to France, that is to say, the town and fort with six cantons extending over sixty thousand hectares, and numbering a mixed rural and manufacturing population of 60,000.

This "Territoire de Belfort" may be regarded as a new department, and will thus ere long be inscribed on French maps.

The forfeited territory, therefore, comprised one entire department, the best part of three, and a portion of a third. When we further consider the loss of frontier, and of over a million and a half of thrifty, enlightened, and patriotic inhabitants, we need hardly wonder that French feeling towards Prussia remains very much what it was immediately after the close of the war.

The subject of French geography from a French point of view offers some curious anomalies. Our neighbours, it would seem, are under the odd necessity of re-naming not only their streets and squares, but their departments and even gulfs!

The much contested etymology of the Gulf of Lyons is occupying attention over the water. In our own maps we find the name changed to that of the Golfe du Lion, and is generally admitted to have nothing to do with the city from which it is so far removed.

Many derivations have been given, none wholly satisfactory to the learned. There is the poetic symbolism of the lion, adapted by old writers. "*Leonis idio sic nuncupatum quod semper asperum fluctuosum et crudele est*," wrote one. There is the equally fanciful connection between the naming

of the gulf and the heraldic lion of Marseilles and Arles, the device of which latter city is still "*Ab ira leonis*." Nor will modern authorities have anything to say to the *Λγυρρική γῆ* of Strabo, nor the supposititious *sinus lagunis* corrupted into the Languedocien *Launes* or *Lônes*. The learned in the subject have finally come to the conclusion that the gulf has been all along inappropriately named, and that it should be for once and for all rechristened the Golfe Gaulois. Golfe Gaulois, *Gallicum mare*, it was indeed to old French geographers, and in the Portulans or beautifully illuminated maps of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it is invariably thus designated.

There certainly seems no reason why the French nation should not rechristen their gulf if they chose, although for a time the change might occasion some slight inconvenience.

When we come to departments we find one at least absurdly misnamed. This is the Var, a region so familiar and attractive to English valetudinarians who have perhaps not discovered that the river from which the department originally took its name, does not so much as touch its limits. It has not done so for the last twenty-four years, that is to say, since the annexation of the Comté de Nice.

It was then found necessary in order to equalise the Var and the Alpes Maritimes, to enlarge the latter at the expense of the former, and the very portion taken away happened to be that traversed by the river. The Var rises in Italy at the foot of Mont Cemelione and disembogues after traversing the Alpes Maritimes, whereas it is the important river Argens that waters the neighbouring department and should give it a name. Or there is the historic mountain range of Les Maures, so familiar to travellers at Hyères, after which it might be called with equal appropriateness. French geographers protest against a misnomer so easy to be remedied.

We now turn to another subject,

namely, the lesser known divisions of ancient France, so apt to puzzle the stranger. Le Morvan, Le Forez, La Beauce, Le Velay—what meaning do they convey to our minds? If we turn to the map we do not find these names, yet they are still in constant use locally, and in the writings and on the lips of French people have a definite meaning.

Thus, an inhabitant of Dijon would naturally describe the little watering place of St. Honoré-les-Bains, as situated in Le Morvan, instead of mentioning La Nièvre, preferring the historic to the departmental name. We constantly hear folks in the Côté d'Or speak of such and such a place being "En Forez," and if we go to our map we find no mention of Forez at all, and the place alluded to is in the department of La Loire.

Fortunately French writers, especially novelists, do their best to preserve these names so interesting and valuable from a historic point of view—often as in the case of the little Celtic kingdom of Le Morvan, in themselves a history. Nor do we find any analogy between these local subdivisions of France; each and all have a character of their own.

We go to the Morvan, for instance, to study village communism, the history of which may be clearly made out from local records, and the last traces of which as an actuality did not disappear till 1848. In the Morvan, too, may yet be seen the loose *saie*, garment of primitive Gaul, and the physiognomy and speech of the people remind us that we are among a pure Celtic race.

Whilst Le Morvan, picturesque, ethnological, historic, has a literature of its own, another region, interesting from wholly different points of view, has found a chronicler in these days. That charming and learned writer, M. Émile Montégut, has made no more welcome contribution to French literature than the series of home travels, of which *En Forez* forms a part. Many of us glancing through

these pleasant pages are startled to find that we have already traversed the regions therein described without so much as knowing it! We have journeyed from Clermont-Ferrand to St. Étienne without taking account that the scenery round about the dingy little town of Boën is historic, and that the history of the noble house of Forez forms a chapter of the history of France. It was a Comte du Forez who wrote that famous pastoral *L'Astrée*, the great literary success of Henri Quatre's epoch and the favourite-reading of illustrious personages a century later. Madame de Sévigné and La Fontaine praised it, Racine borrowed from it, and so, some critics affirm, did the great George Sand herself in our own epoch.

Two miles and a half from Boën is the Château de la Bâtie, creation of another Comte du Forez. Veritable Italian palace, in the midst of the quiet Forésien scenery, the Château de la Bâtie has been compared in interest and importance to the celebrated Château of Bussy-Rabutin. It was built by Claude D'Urfé, ancestor of the author of *L'Astrée*, confidant of Henri II., and governor of the Dauphin, husband of Mary Stuart. Le Forez was incorporated into the French kingdom in 1527, although the titles of count were retained till long afterwards by members of this once powerful house.

La Beauce, Le Velay, and many other ancient divisions offer equal interest, but we will now pass on to matters partly historical, and partly of a physical nature.

Researches of late years have thrown much light on the history of certain regions. We may, indeed, affirm that the very beginnings of French history must in consequence be dated earlier by many centuries.

The traveller bound from Marseilles to the Spanish port Boë (not to be confounded with the French port De Boue) will naturally take account of the changes wrought in the contour

of the coast within comparatively recent periods, the sea receding farther and farther before the encroachments of the land. But as he skirts the silent shores of Languedoc, how little does he dream of the cities and civilisations that lie buried underneath! Provence is already familiar ground, and recent archaeological investigations have brought home to most of us the length of the historic records to be unrolled there. Such names as Cimiez, Turbia, Vence, have each told their own story. We know that we must go back three thousand years for the beginning of Provençal history. Ligurian, Iberian, Phœnician, Phœcean, Gallic, Roman, Gothic, Saracenic—Provence has been all by turns, and from one fragment and another we are now able to put together a coherent whole. But whilst the new light thrown upon the civilisations of ancient Provence lends a charm to one of the most fascinating regions in Europe, and an additional interest induces many to visit its shores who are neither idlers nor invalids; quite otherwise is it with the neighbouring coast. Here and there some curious traveller will quit the beaten track to visit the fortified church of Maguelone, or the shrine of Holy Maries, in the picturesque but deadly Camargue. Aigues-Mortes, purchased by Saint Louis, of the monks of Psalmodi,¹ in the month of August, 1248, will be visited, the Greek city of Arles also and Narbonne. There inquiry for the most part ends.

No less interesting to the geographer, as well as the archaeologist, is the curve of flat sandy shore between Narbonne and the Cap de Creux, on the borders of Spain. The country is not particularly attractive, and certainly not healthy; but the physical changes undergone by these regions offer matter for much interesting speculation, whilst to the student of history the fishing villages and sleepy

towns dotting the way have each an interest of their own. Many of them occupy sites of cities that had flourished and decayed before the Roman epoch in Gaul.

Illiberis, the modern Elne, where Hannibal and his hosts were hospitably entertained on their march towards Rome; Ruscino, ancient Celtic metropolis, important enough to give its name to the province of which Perpignan afterwards became capital; Agathapolis, now Agde, frequented by Phœcean navigators six hundred years before our era; Magalo, in modern Provençal, Maguelonne, at the present day a desolate ruin, but a rich, populous, and strongly fortified city before the civilisation of Greece and Rome—these are among the *villes mortes*, the buried cities along the Gulf of Lyon, which a French archaeologist has recently unearthed for us.¹ Nor is the physical aspect of the country less changed within comparatively recent periods. Materially, as well as morally, we find a persistent retrogression. The once busy ports of these shores are deserted, the cities, formerly so populous and flourishing, have sunk into oblivion and decay. The stream of life that animated the line of coast has now set in another direction; and where once rose forests of pine and poplar, and verdant islands from the midst of navigable waters, we now find stagnant marsh and pestilential swamp. The human agencies at work here for two thousand years have been disastrous, not only in the cutting down of forests, but in successive undoings of the beneficent reparations of nature.

Again and again, in spite of the aridity of the soil, the dryness of the climate, and the devastating mistral, light foliage has made green the waste, and again and again it has been wantonly cleared or given up to flocks and herds. Even in modern times the

¹ This curious treaty of sale exists. The monks of Psalmodi made, of course, an excellent bargain with the king.

¹ *Les Villes mortes du Golfe de Lyon*, par Ch. Leuthéric, one of a series of most interesting works on French archaeology and physical geography. Paris, 1883. (Plon.)

condition of things contrasted favourably with the present. The flourishing abbeys of Psalmodi and Montmajour, Aigues-Mortes, or the city of St. Louis, the *Iles de Cordes*, formed, during the Middle Ages, actual floating oases of which it is now difficult to form any idea. The encroachments of the land upon the sea have also greatly contributed to the altered aspect and outward decay of this region. Its maritime prosperity was already declining in the fifth and sixth centuries of our era, and from that time navigation, in consequence of alluvial deposits, had become more and more difficult. The gradual transformation of the lagoons into stagnant marshes induced deadly pestilences, and until the eighteenth century population steadily diminished. St. Gilles, which in the tenth century had 30,000 inhabitants, was a busy sea-port and court of the Counts of Toulouse, possessed also a mint of its own, became as insignificant as it is in the present day. Attention to drainage and improved hygienic conditions have of late somewhat improved matters, but whether a revival of life and commerce all along the coast may be looked for is another question. French authorities are urgent on the subject, and clamour for the restoration of certain of these decayed ports. What is urged upon with even more insistence is the desirability of excavations. In the opinion of those best able to judge, Elne and Ruscino are mines of archaeological wealth as yet to be worked, and seeing how much light has been thrown upon the history of the two cities by the discovery of a simple inscription, there seems every reason to support such a view.

In the Middle Ages Elne was a bishopric and a place of some importance, as its magnificent cloisters testify. Constantine had already restored and beautified it, but alike the Christian episcopate and the Roman Acropolis sink into insignificance beside the

Iberian city suggested by ancient writers.

Pomponius Mela and Pliny wrote of the vanished *Illiberis*, the magnificence of its buildings, its vast population—already in their days greatly diminished; and Livy mentions the halt of Hannibal and his forces there, a fact also attested by the numerous Carthaginian coins that have been found in the neighbourhood. Yet the very name of *Illiberis*, which signifies in the Basque tongue *Ville-Neuve*, teaches us that the beginnings of Elne take us much farther back; and there is little doubt that the Iberian *Illiberis*, or new city, replaced a Phœnician settlement of which only myth and legend bear evidence.

Ruscino offers equal interest, and it may without exaggeration be affirmed that every inch of ground from the dreary *Camargue* to the Spanish frontier is historic. Nor are these vast solitudes and monotonous lagoons without a certain weird and poetic charm.

An intense blue sky bends over the sleepy seas and flat horizons, groups of stone-pine here and there break the monotony of waving sand, whilst above the reedy salt-marshes wheel flocks of the crimson-plumaged flamingo, animating the solitude with their cries. And we may here see at work those natural agencies which have transformed the outline of coast within quite recent periods.

By gradual processes the lagoon becomes morass, the salt-marsh is being transformed into solid land, inland lakes are becoming farther and farther isolated from the sea, and the sites of towns on the coast are appreciably changing. From whichever side we approach it, therefore, physical, political, historic, French geography offers interesting matter for speculation. I quit the subject—so fascinating to a traveller in France—whilst as yet on the threshold, to return to it, I hope on some other occasion.

E.

MITCHELHURST PLACE.

"Que voulez-vous ? Hélas ! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure !"

CHAPTER I.

TREASURES DROPPED AND PICKED UP.

"Dans l'air pâle, émanant ses tranquilles
lumières
Rayonnait l'astre d'or de l'arrière-saison."

THERE was nothing remarkable in the scene. It was just a bit of country lane, cut deeply into the side of a hill, and seamed with little pebbly courses, made by the streams of rain which had poured across it on their downward way. The hill-side faced the west, and, standing on this ledge as on a balcony, one might look down into a valley where cattle were feeding in the pastures, and where a full and softly-flowing river turned the wheel of a distant mill, and slipped quietly under the arched bridge of the lower road. Sometimes in summer the water lay gleaming, like a curved blade, in the midst of the warm green meadows, but on this late October day it was misty and wan, and light vapours veiled the pale globe of the declining sun. Looking upward from the valley, a broad slope of ploughed land rose above the road, and the prospect ended in a hedge, a gate, through whose bars one saw the sky, and a thin line of dusky, red-trunked firs. But from the road itself there was nothing to be seen in this direction except a steep bank. This bank was crowned with hawthorn bushes, and here and there a stubborn stunted oak, which held its dry brown leaves persistently, as some oaks do. With every passing breath of wind there was a crisp rustling overhead.

This bit of road lay deserted in the faint yellow gleams. But for a wisp of straw, caught on an overhanging

twig, and some cart-tracks, which marked the passage of a load, one might have fancied that the pale sun had risen, and now was about to set, without having seen a single way-farer upon it. But there were four coming towards it, and, slowly as two of them might travel, they would yet reach it while the sunlight lasted. The little stage was to have its actors that afternoon.

First there appeared a man's figure on the crest of the hill. He swung himself over the gate, and came with eager strides down the field, till he reached the hedge which divided it from the road. There he stopped, consulted his watch, and sheltering himself behind one of the little oaks, he rested one knee on a mossy stump, and thus, half-standing, half-kneeling, he waited. The attitude was picturesque, and so was the man. He had bright grey-blue eyes, hair and moustache brown, with a touch of reddish gold, a quick, animated face, and a smiling mouth. It was easy to see that he was sanguine and fearless, and on admirable terms with himself and the world in general. He was young, and he was pleasant to look at, and, though he could hardly have dressed with a view to occupying that precise position, his brown velvet coat was undeniably in the happiest harmony with the tree against which he leaned, and the withered foliage above his head.

To wait there, with his eyes fixed on that unfrequented way, hardly seemed a promising pastime. But the young fellow was either lucky or wise. He had not been there more than five minutes by his watch, when a girl turned the corner, and came, with

down-bent head, slowly sauntering along the road below him. His clasp hand on the rough oak-bark shifted slightly, to allow him to lean a little further and gain a wider range, though he was careful to keep in the shelter of his tree and the hawthorn hedge. A few steps brought the girl exactly opposite his hiding-place. There she paused.

She sauntered because her hands and eyes were occupied, and she took no heed of the way she went. She paused because her occupation became so engrossing that she forgot to take another step. She wore long, loose gloves, to guard her hands and wrists, and as she came she had pulled autumn leaves of briony and bramble, and brier sprays, with their bunches of glowing hips. These she was gathering together and arranging, partly that they might be easier to carry, and partly to justify her pleasure in their beauty by setting it off to the best advantage. As she completed her task, a tuft of yellow leaves on the bank beside her caught her eye. She stretched her hand to gather it, and the man above looked straight down into her unconscious upturned face.

She was not more than eighteen or nineteen, and by a touch of innocent shyness in her glances and movements she might have been judged to be still younger. She was slight and dark, with a soft loose cloud of dusky hair, and a face, not flower-like in its charm, but with a healthful beauty more akin to her own autumn berries—ripe, clear-skinned, and sweet. As she looked up, with red lips parted, it was hardly wonderful that the lips of the man in ambush, breathlessly silent though he was, made answer with a smile. She plucked the yellow leaves and turned away, and he suffered his breath to escape softly in a sigh. Yet he was smiling still at the pretty picture of that innocent face held up to him.

It was all over in a minute. She had come and gone, and he stood up, still cautiously, lest she should return,

and looked at the broad brown slope down which he had come so eagerly. Every step of that lightly-trodden way must be retraced, and time was short. But even as he faced it he turned for one last glance at the spot where she had stood. And there, like coloured jewels on the dull earth, lay a bunch of hips, orange and glowing scarlet, which she had unawares let fall. In a moment he was down on the road, had caught up his prize, and almost as quickly had pulled himself up again, and was standing behind the sheltering tree while he fastened it in his coat. And when he had secured it, it seemed, after all, as if he had needed just that touch of soft bright colour, and would not have been completely himself without it.

"Barbara's gift," he said to himself, looking down at it. "I'll tell her of it one of these days, when the poor things are dead and dry! No, that they never shall be!" He quickened his pace. "They shall live, at any rate, for me. It would not be amiss for a sonnet. *Love's Gleaning*—yes, or *Love's Alms*," and before the young fellow's eyes rose the dainty vision of a creamy, faintly-ribbed page, with strong yet delicately-cut Roman type and slim italics. Though not a line of it was written, he could vaguely see that sonnet in which his rosy spoil should be enshrined. He could even see Barbara reading it, on some future day, while he added the commentary, which was not for the world in general, but for Barbara. It became clearer to him as he hurried on, striking across the fields to reach his destination more directly. Snatches of musical words floated on the evening air, and he quickened his pace unconsciously as if in actual pursuit. To the east the sky grew cold and blue, and the moon, pearl white, but as yet not luminous, swam above him as he walked.

So the poet went in quest of rhymes, and Barbara, strolling onward, looked for leaves and berries. She had not gone far when she spied some more, better, of course, than any she had

already gathered. This time they were on the lower bank which sloped steeply downward to a muddy ditch. Barbara looked at them longingly, decided that they were attainable, and put her nosegay down on the damp grass that she might have both hands free for her enterprise.

She was certain she could get them. She leaned forward, her finger-tips almost brushed them, when a man's footsteps, close beside her, startled her into consciousness of an undignified position, and she sprang back to firmer ground. But a thin chain she wore had caught on a thorny spray. It snapped, and a little gold cross dropped from it, and lay, rather more than half-way down, among the briars and withered leaves. She snatched at the dangling chain, and stood, flushed and disconcerted, trying to appear absorbed in the landscape, and unconscious of the passer-by who had done the mischief. If only he *would* pass by as quickly as possible, and leave her to regain her treasure and gather her berries!

But the steps hesitated, halted, and there was a pause—an immense pause—during which Barbara kept her eyes fixed on a particular spot in the meadow below. It appeared to her that the eyes of the unknown man were fixed on the back of her head, and the sensation was intolerable. After a moment, however, he spoke, and broke the spell. It was a gentleman's voice, she perceived, but a little forced and hard, as if the words cost him something of an effort.

"I—I beg your pardon, but can I be of any service? I think you dropped something—ah! a little cross." He came to her side. "Will you allow me to get it for you?"

Barbara went through the form of glancing at him, but she did not meet his eyes. "Thank you," she said, "but I needn't trouble you, really." And she returned to her pensive contemplation of that spot where the meadow grass grew somewhat more rankly tufted.

He paused again before speaking. It seemed to Barbara that this young man did nothing but pause. "I don't think you can get it," he said, looking at the brambles. "I really don't think you can."

If Barbara had frankly uttered her inmost sentiments she would have said, "Great idiot—no—not if you don't go away!" But, as it was, she coloured yet more in her shyness, and stooped to pick up her nosegay from the ground. He had been within an inch of treading on it.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed, starting back. "How clumsy of me!"

Something in his tone disarmed her. She feared that she had been ungracious, and moreover she was a little doubtful whether she would not find it difficult to regain her trinket without his help. "You haven't done any harm," she said. Then, glancing downward, "Well, if you will be so kind."

The new-comer surveyed the situation so intently that Barbara took the opportunity of surveying him.

She was familiar, in novels, with heroes and heroines who were not precisely beautiful, yet possessed a nameless and all-conquering charm. Perhaps for that very reason she was slow to recognise good looks where this charm was absent. The tall young fellow who stood a few steps away, gazing with knitted brows at the little wilderness of briars, was really very handsome, but he was not certain of the fact. Beauty should not be self-conscious, but it should not despondently question its own existence. This man seemed to be accustomed to a chilly, ungenial atmosphere, to be numbed and repressed, to lack fire. Barbara fancied that if he touched her his hand would be cold.

In point of actual features he was decidedly the superior of the young fellow who was climbing the hill-side, but the pleasant colour and grace were altogether wanting. Yet he was not exactly awkward. Neither was he ill-

dressed, though his clothes did not seem to express his individuality, except perhaps by the fact that they were black and grey. Any attempt at description falls naturally into cold negatives, and the scarlet autumn berries which were just a jewel-like brightness in the first picture would have been a strange and vivid contrast in the second.

His momentary hesitation on the brink of his venture was not in reality indecision, but the watchful distrust produced by a conviction that circumstances were hostile. He wished to take them all into account. Having briefly considered the position of the cross, and the steepness of the bank, he stepped boldly down. In less than half a second the treacherous earth had betrayed him; his foot slipped, he fell on his back, and slid down the short incline to the muddy ditch at the bottom, losing his hat by the way.

Barbara, above him, uttered a silvery little "Oh!" of dismay and surprise. She was not accustomed to a man who failed in what he undertook.

The victim of the little accident was grimly silent. With a scrambling effort he recovered his footing and lost it again. A second attempt was more successful; he secured the cross, clambered up, and restored it to its owner, turning away from her thanks to pick up his hat, which luckily lay within easy reach. Barbara did not know which way to look. She was painfully, burningly conscious of his evil plight. His boots were coated with mire, his face was darkly flushed and seamed with a couple of brier scratches, a bit of dead leaf was sticking in his hair, and "Oh," thought Barbara, "he cannot possibly know how muddy his back is!"

She stood, turning the little cross in her fingers. "Thank you very much," she said nervously. "I should never have got it for myself."

"Are you quite sure?" he asked, with bitter distinctness. "I think you would have managed it much better."

"I'm sure I would rather not try." She dared not raise her eyes to his face, but she saw that he wore no glove, and that the thorns had torn his hand. He was winding his handkerchief round it, and the blood started through the white folds. "Oh, you have hurt yourself!" she exclaimed. He answered only with an impatient gesture of negation.

"How am I to thank you?" she asked despairingly.

"Don't you think the less said the better, at any rate for me?" he replied, picking a piece of bramble from his sleeve, and glancing aside, as if to permit her to go her way with no more words.

But Barbara held her ground. "I should have been sorry to lose that cross. I—I prize it very much."

"Then I am sorry to have given you an absurd association with it."

"Please don't talk like that. I shall remember your kindness," said the girl hurriedly. She felt as if she must add something more. "I always fancy my cross is a kind of—what do they call those things that bring good luck?"

"Amulet? Talisman?"

"Yes, a talisman," she repeated, with a little nod. "It belonged to my godmother. I was named after her. She died before I was a year old, but I have heard my mother say she was the most beautiful woman she ever saw. Oh, I should hate to lose it!"

"Would your luck go with it?" He smiled as he asked the question, and the smile was like a momentary illumination, revealing the habitual melancholy of his mouth.

"Perhaps," said Barbara.

"Well, you would not have lost it this afternoon, as it was quite conspicuously visible," he rejoined.

By this time he had brushed his hat, and, passing his hand over his short waves of dark hair, had found and removed the bit of leaf which had distressed Barbara. She advanced a step, perhaps emboldened a little by

that passing smile. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, "but when you slipped you got some earth on your coat." (She fancied that "earth" sounded a little more dignified than "mud" or "dirt," and that he might not mind it quite so much.) "Please let me brush it off for you." She looked up at him with a pleading glance and produced a filmy little feminine handkerchief.

He eyed her, drawing back. "No!" he ejaculated; and then, more mildly, "No, thank you. I can manage. No, thank you."

"I wish——" Barbara began, but she said no more, for the expression of his face changed so suddenly that she looked over her shoulder to discover the cause.

A gentleman stood a few steps away, gazing at them in unconcealed surprise. A small, neat, black-clothed gentleman, with bright grey eyes and white hair and whiskers, who wore a very tall hat and carried a smart little cane.

"Uncle!" the girl exclaimed, and her uplifted hand dropped loosely by her side.

CHAPTER II.

AN UNEXPECTED INVITATION.

THE old gentleman's face would have been a mere note of interrogation, but for a hint of chilly displeasure in its questioning. The young people answered with blushes. The word was the same for both, but the fact was curiously different. The colour that sprang to Barbara's cheek was light and swift as flame, while the man at her side reddened slowly, as if with the rising of a dark and sullen tide, till the lines across his face were angrily swollen. The bandage, loosely wound round his hand, showed the wet stains, and the new-comer's bright gaze, travelling downwards, rested on it for a moment, and then passed on to the muddy boots and trousers.

"Uncle," said Barbara, "I dropped my gold cross, and this gentleman was so kind as to get it back for me."

"It was nothing—I was very glad to be of any service, but it isn't worth mentioning," the stranger protested, again with a rough edge of effort in his tone.

"On the contrary," said the old gentleman, "I fear my niece has given you a great deal of trouble. I am sure we are both of us exceedingly obliged to you for your kindness." He emphasised his thanks with a neat little bow. To the young man's angry fancy it seemed that his glance swept the landscape, as if he sought some perilous precipice, which might account for the display of mud and wounds.

"Yes," said Barbara quickly, "the bank is so slippery, and there are such horrid brambles—look, uncle! I came to meet you, and I was gathering some leaves, and my chain caught and snapped."

"Ah! that bank! Yes, a very disagreeable place," he assented, looking up at the stranger. "I am really very sorry that you should have received such——" he hesitated for a word, and then finished, "such injuries."

"The bank is nothing. I was clumsy," was the reply.

"I think, Barbara, we must be going home," her uncle suggested. The young man stood aside to let them pass, with a certain awkwardness and irresolution, for their road was the same as his own.

"I beg your pardon," he said, abruptly, "but perhaps, if you are going that way, you can tell me how far it is to Mitchellhurst."

They both looked surprised. "About a mile and a half. Were you going to Mitchellhurst?"

"Yes, but if you know it——"

"We live there," said Barbara.

"Perhaps you could tell me what I want to know. I would just as soon not go on this afternoon. Is there a decent inn, or, better still, could one be tolerably sure of getting lodgings in the place, without securing them beforehand?"

"You want lodgings there?"

"Only for a few days. I came by train a couple of hours ago"—he named a neighbouring town—"and they told me at the hotel that it was uncertain whether I should find accommodation at Mitchellhurst; so I left my luggage there, and walked over to make inquiries."

"I do not think that I can recommend the inn," said the other, doubtfully. "I fear you would find it beery, and smoky, and noisy—the village ale-house, you understand. Sanded floors, and rustics with long clay pipes—that's the kind of thing at the Rothwell Arms."

"Ah! the 'Rothwell Arms'!"

"And as for lodgings," the old man continued, with something alert and watchful in his manner, "the fact is people *don't* care to lodge in Mitchellhurst. They live there, a few of them—myself for instance—but there is nothing in the place to attract ordinary visitors."

He paused, but the only comment was—

"Indeed?"

"Nothing whatever," he affirmed. "A little, out-of-the-way, uninteresting village—but you are anxious to stay here?"

The stranger was re-arranging the loosened handkerchief with slender, unskilful fingers.

"For a few days—yes," he repeated, half absently, as he tried to tuck away a hanging end.

"Uncle," said Barbara, with timid eagerness, "doesn't Mrs. Simmonds let lodgings? When that man came surveying, or something, last summer, didn't he have rooms in her house? I'm very nearly sure he did."

Her uncle intercepted, as it were, the stranger's glance of inquiry.

"Perhaps. But I don't think Mrs. Simmonds will do on this occasion."

"Why not?" the other demanded. "I don't suppose I'm more particular than the man who came surveying. If the place is decently clean, why not?"

"Because your name is Harding. I

don't know what his might happen to be."

The young man drew himself up, almost as if he repelled an accusation. Then he seemed to recollect himself.

"Yes," he said, "it is. How did you know that?"

The little Mitchellhurst gentleman found such pleasure in his own acuteness that it gave a momentary air of cordiality to his manner.

"My dear sir," he replied, looking critically at Harding's scratched face, "I knew the Rothwells well. I recognise the Rothwell features."

"You must be a keen observer," said the other curtly.

"Voice too," the little man continued. "Especially when you repeated the name of the inn—the Rothwell Arms."

Harding laughed.

"Upon my word! The Rothwells have left me more of the family property than I was aware of."

"Then there was your destination. Who but a Rothwell would ever want to stay at Mitchellhurst?"

"I see. I appear to have betrayed myself in a variety of ways." The discovery of his name seemed to have given him a little more ease of manner of a defiant and half-mocking kind. "What, is there something more?" he inquired, as his new acquaintance recommenced, "And then——"

"Yes, enough to make me very sure. You wear a ring on your little finger which your mother gave you. She used to wear it thirty years ago."

"True!" said Harding, in a tone of surprise. "You knew my mother then?"

"As I say—thirty years ago. She is still living, is she not? And in good health, I trust?"

"Yes." The young man looked at his ring. "You have a good memory," he said, with an inflection which seemed to convey that he would have ended the sentence with a name, had he known one.

The little gentleman took the hint.

"My name is Herbert Hayes." He

spoke with careful precision, it was impossible to mistake the words, yet there was something tentative and questioning in their utterance. The young man's face betrayed a puzzled half recognition.

"I've heard my mother speak of you," he said.

"But you don't remember what she said?"

"Not much, I'm afraid. It is very stupid of me. But that I have heard her speak of you I'm certain. I know your name well."

"There was nothing much to say. We were very good friends thirty years ago. Mrs. Harding might naturally mention my name if she were speaking of Mitchelhurst. Does she often talk of old days?"

"Not often. I shall tell her I met you."

Barbara stood by, wondering and interested, glancing to and fro as they spoke. At this moment she caught her uncle's eye.

"By the way," he said, "I have not introduced you to my niece—my great niece, to be strictly accurate—Miss Barbara Strange."

Harding bowed ceremoniously, and yet with a touch of self-contemptuous amusement. He bowed, but he remembered that she had seen him slide down a muddy bank on his back by way of an earlier introduction.

"Mr. Rothwell Harding, I suppose I should say?" the old man inquired.

"No. I'm not named Rothwell. I'm Reynold Harding."

"Reynold?"

"Yes. It's an old name in my father's family. That is," he concluded, in the dead level of an expressionless tone, "as old a name as there is in my father's family, I believe."

"I suppose his grandfather was named Reynold," said Mr. Hayes to himself. Aloud he replied, "Indeed. How about Adam?"

Harding constrained himself to smile, but he did it with such an ill grace that Mr. Hayes perceived that

he was a stupid prig, who could not take a joke, and gave himself airs.

"About these lodgings?" the young man persisted, returning to the point. "If Miss Strange knows of some, why won't they do for me?"

Mr. Hayes gulped down his displeasure.

"There is only one roof that can shelter you in Mitchelhurst," he said magnificently, "and that is the roof of Mitchelhurst Place."

"Of Mitchelhurst Place?" Reynold was taken by surprise. He made a little step backward, and Barbara, needlessly alarmed, cried, "Mind the ditch!" Her impulsive little scream nearly startled him into it, but he recovered himself on the brink, and they both coloured again, he angrily, she in vexation at having reminded him of his mishap. "How can I go to Mitchelhurst Place?" he demanded in his harshly hurried voice.

"As my guest," said Mr. Hayes. "I am Mr. Croft's tenant. I live there—with my niece."

The young man's eyes went from one to the other. Barbara's face was hardly less amazed than his own.

"Oh thank you!" he said at last. "It's exceedingly good of you, but I couldn't think of troubling you—I really couldn't. The lodgings Miss Strange mentioned will do very well for me, I am sure, or I could manage for a day or two at the inn."

"Indeed—" Mr. Hayes began.

"But I am not particular," said Harding with his most defiant air and in his bitterest tone, "I assure you I am not. I have never been able to afford it. I shall be all right. Pray do not give the matter another thought. I'm very much obliged to you for your kindness, but it's quite out of the question, really."

"No," said Mr. Hayes, resting his little black kid hands on the top of his stick and looking up at the tall young man, "it is out of the question that you should go anywhere else. Pray do not suggest it. You intended to go back to your hotel this evening and

to come on to Mitchelhurst to-morrow? Then let us have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow as early as you like to come."

"Indeed—indeed," protested Harding, "I could not think of intruding."

The little gentleman laughed.

"My dear sir, who is the intruder at Mitchelhurst Place? Answer me that! No," he said, growing suddenly serious, "you cannot go to the pot-house—you—your mother's son—while I live in the Rothwells' old home. It is impossible—I cannot suffer it. I should be for ever ashamed and humiliated if you refused a few days' shelter under the old roof. I should indeed."

"If you put it so——"

"There is no other way to put it."

"I can say no more. I can only thank you for your kindness. I will come," said Reynold Harding, slowly. Urgent as the invitation was, and simply as it was accepted, there was yet a curious want of friendliness about it. Circumstances constrained these two men, not any touch of mutual liking. One would have said that Mr. Hayes was bound to insist and Harding to yield.

"That is settled then," said the elder man, "and we shall see you to-morrow. I am a good deal engaged myself, but Barbara is quite at home in Mitchelhurst, and can show you all the Rothwell memorials—the Rothwells are the romance of Mitchelhurst, you know. She'll be delighted to do the honours, eh, Barbara?"

The girl murmured a shy answer.

"Oh, if I trespass on your kindness I think that's enough; I needn't victimise Miss Strange," said the young man, and he laughed a little, not altogether pleasantly. "And I can't claim any of the romance. My name isn't Rothwell."

"The name isn't everything," said Mr. Hayes. "Come, Barbara, it's getting late, and I want my dinner. Till to-morrow, then," and held out his hand to their new acquaintance.

Young Harding bowed stiffly to

Barbara. "Till to-morrow afternoon."

The old man and the girl walked away, he with an elderly sprightliness of bearing which seemed to say, "See how active I still am!" she moving by his side with dreamy, unconscious grace. They came to a curve in the road, and she turned her head and looked back before she passed it. Mr. Reynold Harding had taken but a couple of steps from the spot where they had left him. He had apparently arranged his bandage to his satisfaction at last, and was pulling at the knot with his teeth and his other hand, but his face was towards them, and Barbara knew that he saw that backward glance. She quickened her steps in hot confusion, and looked straight before her for at least five minutes.

During that time it was her uncle who was the hero of her thoughts. His dramatic recognition of Harding, and Harding's ring, his absolute refusal to permit the young man to go to any house in Mitchelhurst but the Place, something in the tone of his voice when he uttered his "thirty years ago," hinted a romance to Barbara. The conjecture might or might not be correct, but at any rate it was natural. Girls who do not understand love are apt to use it to explain all the other things they do not understand. She waited till her cheeks were cool, and her thoughts clear, and then she spoke.

"I didn't know you knew the Rothwells so well, uncle."

"My dear," said her uncle, "how should you?"

"I suppose you might have talked about them."

"I might," said Mr. Hayes. "Now you mention it, I might, certainly. But I haven't any especial fancy for the gossip of the last generation."

"Well, I have," said the girl. And after a moment she went on, "How long is it since they left the Place?"

Her uncle put his head on one side with a quick, birdlike movement, and

apparently referred to a cloud in the western sky before he made answer.

"Nineteen years last Midsummer."

"And when did you take it?"

"A year later."

The two walked a little way in silence, and then Barbara recommenced.

"This Mr. Harding—he is like the Rothwells, then?"

"Rothwell from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. The old people, who knew the family, will find him out as he walks through the village—see if they don't. The same haughty, sulky, sneering way with him, and just the same voice. Only every Rothwell at the Place, even to the last, had an air of being a *grand seigneur*, which this fellow can't very well have. Upon my word, I begin to think it was the pleasantest thing about them. I don't like a pride which is conscious of being homeless and out at elbows."

Barbara undauntedly pursued her little romance.

"You are talking about the men," she said. "Is Mr. Harding like his mother?"

"Well, she was a handsome woman," Mr. Hayes replied indifferently, "but she had the same unpleasant manner."

The girl was thrown back on an utter blankness of ideas. A woman beloved may have a dozen faults, and be the dearer for them; but she cannot possibly have an unpleasant manner. Barbara could frame no theory to fit the perplexing facts.

As they turned into the one street of Mitchelhurst, Mr. Hayes spoke musingly.

"To-morrow afternoon, Barbara, let that young man have the blue room—the large room. You know which I mean?"

"Yes, uncle."

"See that everything is nice and in order. And, Barbara——"

"Yes, uncle," said Barbara again, for he paused.

"Mr. Reynold Harding will pro-

bably look down on you. I suspect he thinks that you and I are about fit to black his boots. Be civil, of course, but you needn't do it."

"I'm sure I don't want," said the girl quietly; "and at that rate I should hope he would come with them tolerably clean to-morrow."

Mr. Hayes laughed suddenly, showing his teeth.

"By Jove!" he said, "they were dirty enough this afternoon!"

"In my service," said Barbara. "Now I come to think of it, it seems to me that I ought to clean them."

"Nonsense!" her uncle exclaimed, still smiling at the remembrance.

"And you saw him roll into the ditch?" —Barbara, the poor fellow must hate you like poison!"

She looked down as she walked, drawing her delicate brows a little together.

"I dare say he does," she said softly, as if to herself.

Between ten and eleven that evening Mr. Reynold Harding sat by his fireside, staring at the red coals as they faded drearily into ashes. Being duly washed and brushed, he showed but slight traces of his accident. The scratches on his face were not deep, and his torn hand was mended with little strips of black plaster. Intently as he seemed to think, his thoughts were not definite. Had he been questioned concerning them he could have answered only "Mitchelhurst." Anger, tenderness, curiosity, pride, and bitter self-contempt were mixed in silent strife in the shadows of his soul. The memory of the Rothwells had drawn him on his pilgrimage—a vain, hopeless, barren memory, and yet the best he had. He had intended to wander about the village, to look from a distance at the Rothwells' house, to stand by the Rothwells' graves in the churchyard, and to laugh at his own folly as he did so. And now he was to sleep under their roof, to know the very rooms where they had lived and died, and for this he was to thank these

strangers who played at hospitality in the old home. He thought of the morrow with curious alternations of distaste and eagerness.

Mr. Hayes, meanwhile, with the lamplight shining on his white hair, was studying a paper in the Transactions of the county Archaeological Society, "On an Inscription in Mitchelhurst Church." Mr. Hayes had a theory of his own on the subject, and smiled over the vicar's view with the tranquil enjoyment of unalloyed contempt.

And Barbara, in the silence of her room, opposite a dimly-lighted mirror, sat brushing her shadowy hair, whose waves seemed to melt into the dusk about the pale reflection of her face. As she gazed at it she was thinking of some one who was gone, and of some one who was to come. Dwelling among the old memories of Mitchelhurst Place her girlish thoughts had turned to them for lack of other food, till the Rothwells were real to her in a sense in which no other fancies ever could be real. She was so conscious that her connection with the house was accidental and temporary, that she felt as if it still belonged to its old owners, and she was only their guest. They were always near, yet, whimsically enough, in point of time they were nearest when they were most remote. Barbara's phantoms mostly belonged to the last century, and they faded and grew pale as they approached the present day, till the latest owner of the Place was merely a name. The truth was that at the end of their reign the Rothwells, impoverished and lonely, had simply lived in the house as they found it, and were unable to set the stamp of any individual tastes upon their surroundings. They were the Rothwells of the good old times who left their autographs in the books in the library, their patient needlework on quilts and bell-pulls, their mouldering rose-leaves in great china jars, their pictures still hanging on the walls, and traces of their preferences in the

names of rooms and paths. There were inscriptions under the bells that had summoned servants long ago, which told of busy times and a full house. The lettering only differed from anything in the present day by being subtly and unobtrusively old-fashioned. "MR. GERALD" and "MR. THOMAS" had given up ringing bells for many a long day, and if the one suspended above MISS SARAH's name sometimes tinkled through the stillness, it was only because Barbara wanted some hot water. Miss Sarah was one of the most distinct of the girl's phantoms. Rightly or wrongly, Barbara always believed her to be the beautiful Miss Rothwell of whom an old man in the village told her a tradition, told to him in his boyhood. It seemed that a Rothwell of some uncertain date stood for the county, ("and pretty nigh ruined himself," said her informant, with a grim, yet admiring, enjoyment of the extravagant folly of the contest), and in the very heat of the election Miss Rothwell drove with four horses to the polling-place, to show herself clothed from head to foot in a startling splendour of yellow, her father's colour.

"They said she was a rare sight to see," the old man concluded meditatively.

"And did Mr. Rothwell get in?" asked Barbara.

"No, no!" he said, shaking his head. "No Rothwell ever got in for the county, though they tried times. But he pretty nigh ruined himself."

Had she cared to ask her uncle Barbara might very possibly have ascertained the precise date of the election, and identified the darkly beautiful girl who was whirled by her four spirited horses into the roaring, decorated town. But she was not inclined to talk of her fancies to Mr. Hayes. So, assuming the heroine to be Miss Sarah, she remained in utter ignorance concerning her after life. Did she ever wear the white robes of a bride, or

the blackness of widow's weeds? Barbara often wondered. But at night, in her room, which was Sarah Rothwell's, she could never picture her otherwise than superbly defiant in the meteor-like glory of that one day.

As she brushed her dusky cloud of hair that evening she called up the splendour of her favourite vision, and then her thoughts fell sadly away from it to Reynold Harding, the man who had kindred blood in his veins, but no inheritance of name or land. Those iron horse-hoofs, long ago, had thundered over the bit of road where Barbara gathered her autumn nosegay, and where young Harding—oh, poor fellow!—slipped in the mire, and scrambled awkwardly to his feet, a pitiful, sullen figure to put beside the beautiful Miss Rothwell.

Was she glad he was coming? She laid down her brush and mused, looking into the depths of her mirror. Yes, she was glad. She did not think she should like him. She felt that he was hostile, scornful, dissatisfied. But Mitchelhurst was quiet—so few people ever came to it, and if they *did* come they went away without a word—and at eighteen quiet is wearisome, and a spice of antagonism is refreshing. Did he hate her as her uncle had said? Time would show. She took her little cross from the dressing table, and looked at it with a new interest. No, she did not like him. "But, after all," said Barbara to herself, "he is a Rothwell, and my fairy godmother introduced us!"

Many miles away a bunch of hips, scarlet and orange, lay by a scribbled paper. They had had adventures since they were pulled from a Mitchelhurst brier that afternoon. They had been lost and found, and travelling by rail had nearly been lost again. A clumsy porter, shouldering a load, had blundered against an absorbed young man, who was just grasping a rhyme; and the red berries fell between them to the dusty platform, and were barely saved from perils of hurrying feet. Still, though a little bruised and

spoilt, they glowed ruddily in the candle-light, and the paper beside them said—

*"Speech was forbidden me; I could but stay,
Ambushed behind a leafless hawthorn screen,
And look upon her passing. She had been
To pluck red berries on that autumn day,
And Love, who from her side will never stray,
Stole some for pity, seeing me unseen,
And sighing, let them fall, that I might
glean—"*

*'Poor gift,' quoth he, 'that Time shall take
away!'*

*Nay but I mock at Time! It shall not be
That, fleet of foot, he robs me of my prize;
Her smile has kindled all the sullen skies,
Blessed the dull furrows, and the leafless tree,
And year by year the autumn, ere it dies,
Shall bring my rosy treasure back to me!"*

CHAPTER III.

"WELCOME TO MITCHELHURST PLACE."

MITCHELHURST was, as Mr. Hayes had said, a dull little village, by no means likely to attract visitors. It was merely a group of houses, for the most part meanly built, set in a haphazard fashion on either side of a wide road. Occasionally a shed would come to the front, or two or three poplars, or a bit of garden fence. But the poplars were apt to be mercilessly lopped, with just a tuft at the extreme tip, which gave each unlucky tree a slight resemblance to a lion's tail, and the gardens, if not full of cabbages, displayed melancholy rows of stumps where cabbages had been. There was very little traffic through Mitchelhurst Street, as this thoroughfare was usually called, yet it showed certain signs of life. Fowls rambled aimlessly about it, with a dejected yet inquiring air which seemed to say that they would long ago have given up hopping if they could have found anything else to do. A windmill, standing on a slight eminence a little way from the road, creaked as its sails revolved. Sounds of hammering came from the blacksmith's forge. Children played on the foot-path, a little knot of loungers might generally be seen in front of the "Rothwell Arms," and

at most of the doorways stood the Mitchelhurst women, talking loudly while their busy fingers were plaiting straws. This miserably paid work was much in vogue in the village, where generation after generation of children learned it, and grew up into stunted, ill-fed girls, fond of coarse gossip, and of their slatternly independence.

At the western end of the village, beyond the alehouse, stood the church, with two or three yews darkening the crowded grave yard. The vicarage was close at hand, a sombre little house, with a flagged path leading to its dusky porch. Mitchelhurst was not happy in its vicars. The parish was too small to attract the heroic enthusiasts who are ready to live and die for the unhealthy and ignorant crowds of our great cities. And the house was too poor, and the neighbourhood too uninteresting, for any kindly country gentleman, who chanced to have "the Reverend" written before his name, to come and stable his horses, and set up his liberal house-keeping, and preach his Sunday sermons there. No one chose Mitchelhurst, so "those few sheep in the wilderness" were left to those who had no choice, and the vicars were almost always discontented elderly men. As a rule they died there, a vicar of Mitchelhurst being seldom remembered by the givers of good livings. The incumbent at this time was a feeble archaeologist, who coughed drearily in his damp little study, and looked vaguely out at the world from a narrow and mildewed past. As he stepped from the shadowy porch, blinking with tired eyes, he would pause on the path, which looked like a row of flat unwritten tombstones, and glance doubtfully right and left. Probably he had some vague idea of going into the village, but in nine cases out of ten he turned aside to the graveyard, and sauntered musingly in the shadow of the old yews, or disappeared into the church, where there were two or three inscriptions just sufficiently defaced to be interesting. He fancied

he should decipher them one day, and leave nothing for his successor to do, and he haunted them in that hope.

When he went into the street he spoke kindly to the women at the doors, with an obvious forgetfulness of names and circumstances which made him an object of contemptuous pity. They could not conceive how any one in his senses could make such foolish mistakes, and were inclined to look on the Established Church as a convenient provision for weak-minded gentlefolks. They grinned when he had gone by, and repeated his well-meant inquiries, plaiting all the time. It was only natural that the vicar should prefer his parishioners dead. They did not then indulge in coarse laughter, they never described unpleasant ailments, and they were neatly labelled with their names, or else altogether silent concerning them.

The vicar's shortcomings might have been less remarked had the tenants of Mitchelhurst Place taken their proper position in the village. But where, seventy or eighty years before, the great gates swung open for carriages and horses, and busy servants, and tradesmen, there came now down the mossy drive only an old man on foot, and a girl by his side, with eyes like dark waters, and a sweet richness of carnation in her cheeks. Mr. Hayes and his niece lived, as the later Rothwells had lived, in a corner of the old house. It was queer that a man should choose to hire a place so much too big for him, people said, but they had said it for nineteen years, and they never seemed to get any further. Herbert Hayes might be eccentric, but he was shrewd, he knew his own business, and the villagers recognised the fact. He was not popular, there was nothing to be got by begging at the Place, and he would not allow Barbara to visit any of the cottages. But it was acknowledged that he was not stingy in payment for work done. And if he lived in a corner he knew how to make himself comfortable there, which was more

than the last Rothwell had been able to do.

The church and vicarage were at one end of Mitchelhurst, and the Place, which stood on slightly rising ground, was at the other. It was a white house, and in a dim light it had a sad and spectral aspect, a pale blankness as of a dead face. The Rothwell who built it intended to have a stately avenue from the great ironwork gates to the principal entrance, and planted his trees accordingly. But the site was cruelly exposed, and the soil was sterile, and his avenue had become a vista of warped and irregular shapes, leaning in grotesque attitudes, dwarfed and yet massive with age. In the leafiness of summer much of this singularity was lost, but when winter stripped the boughs it revealed a double line of fantastic skeletons, a fit pathway for the strangest dreams.

The gardens, with the exception of a piece close to the house, had been so long neglected that they seemed almost to have forgotten that they had ever been cultivated. Almost, but not quite, for they had not the innocence of the original wilderness. There were tokens of a contest. The plants and grasses that possessed the soil were obviously weeds, and the degraded survivals of a gentler growth lurked among them overborne and half strangled. There was a suggestion of murderous triumph in the coarse leaves of the mulleins and docks that had rooted themselves as in a conquered inheritance, and the little undulations which marked the borders and bits of rock-work of half a century earlier looked curiously like neglected graves.

It seemed to Barbara Strange, as she stood looking over it all, on the day on which Mr. Harding was to come to Mitchelhurst, that there was something novel in this aspect of desolation. She knew the place well, for it was rather more than a year since she came, at her uncle's invitation, to live there, and she had seen it with all the changes of the seasons upon it. She knew it well, but she had

never thought of it as home. The little Devonshire vicarage which held father and mother, and a swarm of young sisters and brothers—almost too many to be contained within its walls—was home in the past and the present. And if the girl had dreams of the future, shy dreams which hardly revealed themselves even to her, they certainly never had Mitchelhurst Place for a background. To her it was just a halting place on her journey into the unknown regions of life. It was like some great out-of-the-way ruinous old inn, in which one might chance to sleep for a night or two. She had merely been interested in it as a stranger, but on this October day she looked at it curiously and critically for Mr. Harding's sake. She would have liked it to welcome him, to show some signs of stately hospitality to this son of the house who was coming home, and for the first time a full sense of its dreariness and hopelessness crept into her soul. She could do nothing, she felt absurdly small, the great house seemed to cast a melancholy shadow over her, as she went to and fro in the bit of ground that was still recognised as a garden, gathering the few blossoms that autumn had spared.

Barbara meant the flowers to brighten the rooms in which they lived, but she looked a little doubtfully into her basket while she walked towards the house. They were so colourless and frail, it seemed to her that they were just fit to be emptied out over somebody's grave. "Oh," she said to herself, "why didn't he come in the time of roses, or peonies, or tiger lilies? If it had been in July there might have been some real sunshine to warm the old place. Or earlier still, when the apple blossom was out—why didn't he come then? It is so sad now." And she remembered what some one had said, a few weeks before, loitering up that wide path by her side: "An old house—yes, I like old houses, but this is like a whited sepulchre, somehow. And

not his own—I should not care to set up housekeeping in a corner of somebody else's sepulchre." Barbara, as her little lonely footsteps fell on the sodden earth, thought that he was perfectly right. She threw back her head, and faced the wide, blind gaze of its many-windowed front. Well, it *was* Mr. Harding's own family sepulchre, if that was any consolation.

Her duty as a housekeeper took her to the blue room, which Mr. Hayes had chosen for their guest, a large apartment at the side of the house, not with the bleak northern aspect of the principal entrance, but looking away towards the village, and commanding a wide prospect of meadow land. The landscape in itself was not remarkable, but it had an attraction as of swiftly varying moods. Under a midsummer sky it would lie steeped in sunshine, and dappled with shadows of little, lightly-flying clouds, content and at peace. Seen through slant lines of grey rain it was beyond measure dreary and forlorn, burdening the gazer's soul with its flat and unrelieved heaviness. One would have said at such times that it was a veritable Land of Hopelessness. Then the clouds would part, mass themselves, perhaps, into strange islands and continents, and towering piles, and the sun would go down in wild splendours of flame as of a burning world, and the level meadows would become a marvellous plain, across which one might journey into the heart of unspeakable things. Then would follow the pensive sadness of the dusk, and the silvery enchantment of moonlight. And after all these changes there would probably come a grey and commonplace morning, in which it would appear as so many acres of very tolerable grazing land, in no wise remarkable or interesting.

Barbara did not trouble herself much about the prospect. She was anxious to make sure that soap and towels had been put ready for Mr. Harding, and candles in the brass candlesticks on the chimney-piece,

and ink and pens on the little old-fashioned writing-table. With a dainty instinct of grace she arranged the heavy hangings of the bed, and, seeing that a clumsy maid had left the pillow awry, she straightened and smoothed it with soft touches of a slender brown hand, as if she could sympathetically divine the sullen weariness of the head that should lie there. Then, fixing an absent gaze upon the carpet, she debated a perplexing question in her mind.

Should she, or should she not, put some flowers in Mr. Harding's room? She wanted to make him feel that he was welcome to Mitchellhurst Place, and, to her shyness, it seemed easier to express that welcome in any silent way than to put it into words. And why not? She might have done it without thinking twice about it, but her uncle's little jests, and her own loneliness, while they left her fearless in questions of right and wrong, had made her uneasy about etiquette. As she leaned against one of the carved pillars of the great bed, musing, with lips compressed and anxious brow, she almost resolved that Mr. Reynold Harding should have nothing beyond what was a matter of housewifely duty. Why should she risk a blush or a doubt for him? But even with the half-formed resolution came the remembrance of his unlucky humiliation in her service, and Barbara started from her idle attitude, and went away, singing softly to herself.

When she came back she had a little bowl of blue and white china in her hands, which she set on the writing-table near the window. It was filled with the best she could find in her basket—a pale late rosebud, with autumnal foliage red as rust (and the bud itself had lingered so long, hoping for sunshine and warmth, that it would evidently die with its secret of sweetness folded dead in its heart), a few heads of mignonette, green and run to leaf, and rather reminding of fragrance than actually breathing it; a handful of melancholy

Michaelmas daisies, and two or three white asters. The girl, with warm young life in her veins, and a glow of ripe colour on her cheek, stooped in smiling pity and touched that central rosebud with her lips. No doubt remained, if there had been any doubt till then—it was already withered at the core, or it must have opened wide to answer that caress.

"Don't tell me!" said Barbara to herself with a little nod. "If such a drearily doleful bouquet isn't strictly proper, it ought to be!"

It was late in the afternoon before the visitor came. There was mist like a thin shroud over the face of the earth, and little sparks of light were gleaming in the cottage windows. Reynold Harding held the reins listlessly when the driver got down to open the great wrought-iron gate, and then resigned his charge as absently as he had accepted it. He stared straight before him while the dog-cart rattled up the avenue, and suffered himself to sway idly as they bumped over mossy stones in the drive. The trees, leaning overhead, dropped a dead leaf or two on his passive hands, as if that were his share of the family property held in trust for him till that moment.

There was something coldly repellent in the stony house front, where was no sign of greeting or even of life. The driver alighted again, pulled a great bell which made a distant clangour, and then busied himself at the back of the cart with Harding's portmanteau, while the horse stood stretching its neck, and breathing audibly in the chilly stillness. There was a brief pause, during which Harding, who had not uttered a word since he started, confronted the old house with a face as neutral as its own.

Then the door flew open, a maid appeared, the luggage was carried into the hall, and Mr. Hayes came hurrying out to meet his guest. "Welcome to Mitchelhurst Place!" he exclaimed. That "Welcome to

Mitchelhurst Place!" had been in his thoughts for a couple of hours at least, and now that it was uttered it seemed very quickly over. Harding, who was paying the driver out of a handful of change, dropped a couple of coins, made a hurried attempt to regain them, and finally shook hands confusedly with Mr. Hayes, while the man and the maid pursued the rolling shillings round their feet. "Thank you—you are very kind," he said, and then saw Barbara in the background. She had paused on the threshold of a firelit room, and behind her the warm radiance was glancing on a bit of white-panelled wall. Reynold hastily got rid of his financial difficulties and went forward.

"Oh, what a cold drive you must have had!" she cried, when their hands met. "You are like ice! Do come to the fire."

"We thought you would have been here sooner," said Mr. Hayes. "The days draw in now, and it gets to be very cold and damp sometimes when the sun goes down."

Harding murmured something about not having been able to get away earlier.

"This isn't the regular drawing-room, you know," his host explained. "I like space, but there is a little too much of it in that great room—you must have a look at it to-morrow. I don't care to sit by my fire-side and see Barbara at her piano across an acre or two of carpet. To my mind this is big enough for two or three people."

"Quite," said Reynold.

"The yellow drawing-room they called this," the other continued.

The young man glanced round. The room was lofty and large enough for more than the two or three people of whom Mr. Hayes had spoken. But for the ruddy firelight it might have looked cold, with its cream-white walls, its rather scanty furniture, and the yellow of its curtains and chairs faded to a dim tawny hue. But the liberal warmth and light of the blaz-

ing pile on the hearth irradiated it to the furthest corner, and filled it with wavering brightness.

"It's all exactly as it was in your uncle's time," said Mr. Hayes. "When he could not go on any longer, Croft took the whole thing just as it stood, with all the old furniture. But for that I would not have come here."

"All the charm would have been lost, wouldn't it?" said Barbara.

"The charm—yes. Besides, one had need be a millionaire to do anything with such a great empty shell. I suspect a millionaire would find plenty to do here as it is."

"I suppose it had been neglected for a long while?" Reynold questioned with his hard utterance.

Mr. Hayes nodded, arching his brows.

"Thirty or forty years. Everything allowed to go to rack and ruin. By Jove, sir, your people must have built well, and furnished well, for things to look as they do. Well, they shall stay as they are while I am here; I'll keep the wind and the rain out of the old house, but I can do no more, and I wouldn't if I could. And when I'm gone, Croft, or whoever is master then, must see to it."

"Yes," said the young man, still looking round. "I'm glad you've left it as it used to be."

"Just as your mother would remember it. Except, of course, one must make oneself comfortable," Mr. Hayes explained apologetically. "Just a chair for me, and a piano for Barbara, you see!"

Reynold saw. There was a large eastern rug spread near the fire-place, and on it stood an easy chair, and a little table laden with books. A shaded lamp cast its radiance on a freshly-cut page. By the fire was a low seat, which was evidently Barbara's.

"That's the way to enjoy old furniture," said Mr. Hayes. "Sit on a modern chair and look at it—eh? There's an old piano in that further corner; that's very good to look at too."

"But not to hear?" said Harding.

"You may try it."

"That's more than I may do," said Barbara, demurely.

"You tried it too much—you tried me too much," Mr. Hayes made answer. "You did not begin in a fair spirit of investigation. You were determined to find music in it."

The girl laughed and looked down.

"And I did," she murmured to herself.

"Ah, you are looking at the portraits," Mr. Hayes went on. "There are better ones than the two or three we have here. I believe your Uncle John took away a few when he left. Your grandmother used to hang over there by the fireplace. The one on the other side is good, I think—Anthony Rothwell. You must come a little more this way to look at it."

Harding followed obediently, and made various attempts to find the right position, but the picture was not placed so as to receive the full firelight, and being above the lamp it remained in shadow.

"Stay," said the old gentleman, "I'll light this candle."

He struck a match as he spoke, and the sudden illumination revealed a scornful face, and almost seemed to give it a momentary expression, as if Anthony, of Mitchelhurst Place, recognised Reynold of nowhere.

The younger man eyed the portrait coldly and deliberately.

"Well," he said, "Mr. Anthony Rothwell, my grandfather, I suppose?"

"Great grandfather," Mr. Hayes corrected.

"Oh, you are well acquainted with the family history. Well, then, I should say that my great grandfather was remarkably handsome, but——"

"If it comes to that you are uncommonly like him," said his host, with a little chuckle, as he looked from the painted face to the living one, and back again.

Reynold started and drew back.

"Oh, thank you!" he said, with a

short laugh. If he had been permitted to continue his first remark, he would have said, "but as unpleasant-tempered a gentleman as you could find in a day's journey."

The words had been so literally on his lips that he could hardly realise that they had not been uttered when Mr. Hayes spoke.

For the moment the likeness had been complete. Then he saw how it was, laughed, and said—

"Oh, thank you."

But he flashed an uneasy glance at Barbara, who was lingering near. Was he really like that pale, bitter-lipped portrait? He fancied that her face would tell him, but she was looking fixedly at Anthony Rothwell.

"Mind you are not late for dinner, Barbara," said her uncle quickly.

She woke to radiant animation.

"I won't be," she said. "But if you are going to introduce Mr. Harding to all the pictures first—"

"I'm not going to do anything of the kind."

"That's right. Mr. Harding's ancestors won't spoil if they are kept waiting a little, but I can't answer for the fish."

"Pray don't let any dead and gone Rothwells interfere with your dinner," said Reynold. "If one's ancestors can't wait one's convenience, I don't know who can."

CHAPTER IV.

DINNER AND A LITTLE MUSIC.

BARBARA was the first to reappear in the yellow drawing-room. She had gone away, laughing carelessly; she came back shyly, with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes. She had put on a dress which was reserved for important occasions, and she was conscious of her splendour. She felt the strings of amber beads that were wound loosely round her throat, and that rose and fell with her quickened breathing. Nay, she was conscious to the utmost end of the folds of black drapery, that followed her with a soft sound, as of a

summer sea, when she crossed the pavement of the hall. For Barbara's dress was black, and its special adornment was some handsome black lace that her grandmother had given her. Something of lighter hue and texture might have better suited her age, but there was no questioning the fact that the dignified richness of her gown was admirably becoming to the girl. One hardly knew whether to call her childish or stately, and the perplexity was delightful.

Her heart was beating fast, half in apprehension and half in defiance. Over and over again while she waited she said to herself that she had *not* put on her best dress for Mr. Harding's sake, she had *not*. She did not care what he thought of her. He might come and go, just as other people might come and go. It did not matter to her. But his coming seemed somehow to have brought all the Rothwells back to life, and to have revealed the desolate pride of the old house. When she looked from Reynold's face to Anthony's, she suddenly felt that she must put on her best dress for their company. It was no matter of personal feeling, it was an instinctive and imperative sense of what the circumstances demanded. She had never been to such a dinner party in all her life.

The feeling did her credit, but it was difficult to express. Feelings are often difficult to express, and a woman has an especial difficulty in conveying the finer shades of meaning. There is an easy masculine way of accounting for her every action by supposing it aimed at men in general, or some man in particular; and thus all manner of delicate fancies and distinctions, shaped clearly in a woman's mind, may pass through the distorting medium to reach a man's apprehension as sheer coquetry. The knowledge of this possibility is apt to give even innocence an air of hesitating consciousness. Barbara was by no means certain that her uncle would understand this honour paid, not to any living young man, but to the tra-

ditions of Mitchelhurst Place, and her blushes betrayed her shame at his probable misreading of her meaning. And what would Mr. Harding himself think?

He came in with his languid, hesitating walk, looking very tall and slender in his evening dress. He had telegraphed home for that dress suit the day before. The fact that he was travelling for a week or two, with no expectation of dining anywhere but in country inns, might naturally have excused its absence, but the explanation would have been an apology, and Harding could not apologise. He would have found it easier to spend his last shilling. Perhaps, too, he had shared Barbara's feeling as to the fitness of a touch of ceremony at Mitchelhurst.

At any rate he shared her shyness. He crossed the room with evident constraint, and halted near the fire without a word. Barbara's shyness was palpitating and aflame; his was leaden and chill. She did not know what to make of his silence; she waited, and still he did not speak; she looked up and felt sure that his downcast eyes had been obliquely fixed on her.

"Uncle is last, you see," she said. "I knew he would be."

"I was afraid I might be," he replied. "A clock struck before I expected it. I suppose my watch loses, but I hadn't found it out."

"Oh, I ought to have told you," she exclaimed penitently. "That is the great clock in the hall, and it is always kept ten minutes fast. Uncle likes it for a warning. So when it strikes, he says, 'That's the hall clock; then there's plenty of time, plenty of time, I'll just finish this.' And he goes on quite happily."

"I fancied somehow that Mr. Hayes was a very punctual man."

"Because he talks so much about it. I think he reminds other people for fear they should remind him. When I first came he was always saying, 'Don't be late,' till I was quite frightened lest I should be. I couldn't be-

lieve it when he said, 'Don't be late,' and then wasn't ready."

"You are not so particular now?"

"Oh yes, I am," she answered very seriously. "It doesn't do to be late if you are the housekeeper, you know."

A faint gleam lighted Harding's face.

"Of course not; but I never was," he replied, in a respectful tone. "How long is it since you came here?"

"I came with my mother to see uncle a great many years ago, but I only came to live here last October. Uncle wanted somebody. He said it was dull."

"I should think it was. Isn't it dull for you?"

"Sometimes," said Barbara. "It isn't at all like home. That's a little house with a great many people in it—father and mother, and all my brothers and sisters, and father's pupils. And this is a big house with nobody in it."

"Till you came," said Reynold, hesitating over the little bow or glance which should have pointed his words.

"Well, there's uncle," said Barbara with a smile, "he must count for somebody. But I feel exactly like nobody when I am going in and out of all those empty rooms. You must see them to-morrow."

The clock on the chimney-piece struck, and she turned her head to look at it. "That's five minutes slow," she said.

"And the other was more than ten minutes fast."

"Yes, it gains. Do you know," said Barbara, "I always feel as if the great clock were *the* time, so when it fairly runs away into the future and I have to stop it, to let the world come up with it again, it seems to me almost as if I stopped my own life too."

"Some people would be uncommonly glad to do that," said Harding; "or even to make time go backward for a while."

"Well, I don't mind for a quarter of an hour. But I don't want it to go back, really. Not back to pina-

fores and the schoolroom," said Barbara with a laugh, which in some curious fashion turned to a deepening flush. The swift, impulsive blood was always coming and going at a thought, a fancy, a mere nothing.

Harding smiled in his grim way. "I suppose it's just as well *not* to want time to run back," he said at last.

"Uncle might find himself punctual for once if it did. Oh, here he comes!" The door opened as she spoke, and Mr. Hayes appeared on the threshold with an inquiring face.

"Ah! you are down, Barbara! That's right. Dinner's ready, they tell me."

Reynold looked at Barbara, hesitated, and then offered his arm. Mr. Hayes stood back and eyed them as they passed—the tall young man, pale, dark-browed, scowling a little, and the girl at his side radiantly conscious of her dignity. Even when they had gone by he was obliged to wait a moment. The sweeping folds of Barbara's dress demanded space and respect. His glance ran up them to her shoulders, to the amber beads about her neck, to the loose coils of her dusky hair, and he followed meekly with a whimsical smile.

They dined in the great dining-room, where a score of guests would have seemed few. But they had a little table, with four candles on it, set near a clear fire, and shut in by an overshadowing screen. "We are driven out of this in the depth of winter," said Mr. Hayes. "It is too cold—nothing seems to warm it, and it is such a terrible journey from the drawing-room fire. But till the bitter weather comes I like it, and I always come back as soon as the spring begins. We were here by March, weren't we, Barbara?"

The girl smiled assent, and Harding had a passing fancy of the windy skies of March glancing through the tall windows, the upper part of which he saw from his place. But his eyes came back to Barbara, who was watch-

ing the progress of their meal with an evident sense of responsibility. The crowning grace of an accomplished housekeeper is to hide all need of management, but this was the pretty anxiety of a beginner. "Mary, the currant jelly," said Miss Strange in an intense undertone, and glanced eloquently at Reynold's plate. She was so absorbed that she started when her uncle spoke.

"Why do you wear those white things—asters, are they not? They don't go well with your dress."

Barbara looked down at the two colourless blossoms which she had fastened among the folds of her black lace. "No, I know they don't, but I couldn't find anything better in the garden to-day."

"It wouldn't have mattered what it was," Mr. Hayes persisted, with his head critically on one side. "Anything red or yellow—just a bit of colour, you know."

"But that was exactly what I couldn't find. All the red and yellow things in the garden are dead."

"Why not some of those scarlet hips you were gathering yesterday?" said Reynold.

"Oh! Those!" exclaimed Barbara, looking hurriedly away from the scratch on the cheek nearest her, and then discovering that she had fixed her eyes on his wounded hand. "Do you think they would have done? Well, yes, I dare say they might."

"I should think they would have done beautifully, but you know best. Perhaps you did not care for them? You threw them away?" He was smiling with a touch of malice, as if he had actually seen Barbara in her room, gazing regretfully at a little brown pitcher which was full of autumn leaves and clusters of red rose-fruit.

"Of course they would have done," said Mr. Hayes.

"Yes, perhaps they might. I must bear them in mind another time. Uncle, Mr. Harding's plate is empty." And Barbara went on with her dinner,

feeling angry and aggrieved. "He might have let me think I had spared his feelings by giving them up," she said to herself. "It would have been kinder. And I should like to know what I was to do. If I had worn them he would have looked at me to remind me. I can't think what made uncle talk about the stupid things."

During the rest of the meal conversation was somewhat fitful. The three, in their sheltered, fire-lit nook, sat through pauses, in which it almost seemed as if it would be only necessary to rise softly and glance round the end of the screen to surprise some ghostly company gathered silently at the long table. The wind made a cheerless noise outside, seeking admission to the great hollow house, and died away in the hopelessness of vain endeavour. At last Miss Strange prepared to leave the gentlemen to their wine, but she lingered for a moment, darkly glowing against the background of sombre brown and tarnished gold, to bid her uncle remember that coffee would be ready in the drawing-room when they liked to come for it.

Mr. Hayes pushed the decanter to his guest. "Where is John Rothwell now?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Harding, listlessly. He was peeling a rough-coated pear, and he watched the long, unbroken strip gliding downward in lengthening curves. "Somewhere on the Continent—in one of those places where people go to live shabbily."

Mr. Hayes filled the pause with an inquiring "Yes?" and his bright eyes dilated.

"Yes," the other repeated. "Didn't you say he took some pictures away with him? They must be all gone long ago—pawned or sold. How would you raise money on family portraits? It would look rather queer going to the pawnbroker's with an ancestor under your arm."

"But there was his mother's portrait. He would not——"

"Hm!" said Harding, cutting up his pear. "Well, perhaps not. Per-

haps he had to leave in a hurry some time or other. A miniature would have been more convenient."

"But this is very sad," said Mr. Hayes. He spoke in an abstract and impersonal manner.

Harding assented, also in a general way.

"Very sad," the other repeated. Then, quickening to special recollection—"And your uncle was always such a proud man. I never knew a prouder man than John Rothwell five-and-twenty years ago. And to think that he should come to this!"

He leaned back in his chair and slowly sipped his wine, while he tried to reconcile old memories with this new description. The wine was very good, and Mr. Hayes seemed to enjoy it. Reynold Harding rested his elbow on the table, and looked at the fire with a moody frown.

"Some pride can't be carried about, I suppose," he said at last. "It's as bad as a whole gallery of family portraits—worse, for you cannot raise money on it."

Mr. Hayes nodded. "I see. Rooted in the Mitchelhurst soil, you think? Very possibly." He looked round, as far as the screen permitted. "And so, when this went, all went. But how very sad!"

The young man did not take the trouble to express his agreement a second time.

"And your other uncle," said Mr. Hayes briskly, after a pause. "How is he?"

"My other uncle?"

"Yes, your uncle on your father's side—Mr. Harding."

"Oh, he is very well—getting to be an old man now."

"But as prosperous as ever?"

"More so," said Harding in his rough voice. "His money gathers and grows like a snowball. But he is beginning to think about enjoying it—he is evidently growing old. He says it is time for him to have a holiday. He never took one for some wonderful time—eighteen years I

think it was ; but he has not worked quite so hard of late."

"Well, he deserves a little pleasure now."

"I don't know about that. If a man makes himself a slave to money-getting I don't see that he deserves any pleasure. He deserves his money."

The old gentleman laughed. "Let the poor fellow amuse himself a little—if he can. The question is whether he can, after a life of hard work. What is his idea of pleasure?"

"Yachting. He discovered quite lately that he wasn't sea-sick ; he hadn't leisure to find it out before. So he took to yachting. He can enjoy his dinner as well on board a boat as anywhere else, he can talk about his yacht, and he can spend any amount of money."

"You haven't any sympathy with his hobby?"

"I! I've no money to spend, and I am sea-sick."

"You are? I remember now," said Mr. Hayes, thoughtfully, "that your grandfather and John Rothwell had a great dislike to the water."

"Ah! It's a family peculiarity? A proud distinction?" Harding laughed quietly, looking away. He was accustomed to laugh at himself and by himself. "It's something to be able to invoke the Rothwell ancestry to give dignity to one's qualms," he said.

Mr. Hayes smiled a little unwillingly. He did not really require respect for the Rothwell sea-sickness, but it hardly pleased him that the young fellow should scoff at his ancestry, just when it had gained him admission to Mitchellhurst Place. "Bad taste," he said to himself, and he returned abruptly to the money-making uncle. "I suppose Mr. Harding has a son to come after him?"

"Yes, there's one son," Reynold replied, with a contemptuous intonation.

"And does he take to the business?"

"I don't know much about that. I fancy he wants to begin at the yachting end, anyhow."

"Only one son." Mr. Hayes glanced at young Harding as if a question were on his lips ; but the other's face did not invite it, and the subject dropped. There was a pause, and then the elder man began to talk of some Roman remains which had been discovered five miles from Mitchellhurst. Reynold crossed his long legs, balanced himself idly, and listened with dreary acquiescence.

It was some time before the Roman remains were disposed of and they rejoined Barbara. They startled her out of her uncle's big easy chair, where she was half-lying, half-sitting, with all her black draperies about her, too much absorbed in a novel to hear their approach. Harding, on the threshold, caught a glimpse of the nestling attitude, the parted lips, the hand that propped her head, before Miss Strange was on her feet and ready for her company.

Mr. Hayes, stirring his coffee, demanded music. He liked it a little for its own sake, but more just then because it would take his companion off his hands. He was tired of entertaining this silent young man, who stood, cup in hand, on the rug, frowning at the portraits of his forefathers, and he sent Barbara to the piano with the certainty that Harding would follow her. As soon as he saw them safely at the other end of the room he dropped with a sigh of relief into the chair which she had quitted, and took up his book.

The girl, meanwhile, turned over her music and questioned Reynold. He did not sing?—did not play? No ; and he understood very little, but he liked to listen. He turned the pages for her, once or twice too fast, generally much too slowly, never at the right moment. Then Barbara began to play something which she knew by heart, and he stood a little aside, with his moody face softening, and his downward-glancing eyes following her fingers over the keys, as if she were weaving the strands of some delicate tissue. When she stopped, rested one

hand on the music-stool on which she sat, and turned from the piano to hear what her uncle wished for next, he saw, as she leaned backward, the pure curve of her averted cheek, and the black lace and amber beads about her softly-rounded throat.

"Oh, I know that by heart, too!" she exclaimed.

He took up a sheet of music from the piano, and gazed vaguely at it while she struck the first notes. He

read the title without heeding it, and then saw pencilled above it in a bold, but somewhat studied, hand,

"ADRIAN SCARLETT."

For a moment the name held his glance; and when he laid the paper down he looked furtively over his shoulder. He knew that it was an absurd fancy, but he felt as if some one had come into the room and was standing behind Barbara.

To be continued.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

DIFFICULT as it must always be to measure exact proportions among contemporary affairs, nobody doubts that the two chief political topics of the current month concern events of profound and lasting importance. Egypt may even yet, before we have done with it, permanently transform the relations of Great Britain to Europe, add an African to an Indian Empire, and force us into new systems of alliance and defence. Parliamentary Reform, the second leading interest of the hour, is a step or a stride towards a readjustment of internal forces and a transformation of our domestic system, which may prove to correspond with the other changes before us in the vast area of outside interests. Great transactions, however, are made up of an endless number of very little ones, and it is the little ones that fix attention from day to day, to the exclusion or at least the obscuration of a vigilant sense of their general drift and direction.

In the march of domestic policy it is the expected that has happened, though that the second reading of the Franchise Bill should have been carried as it was by a majority of 130, and what would have been nearly a hundred without the votes of the Irish Nationalists was an expected result on an

unexpectedly triumphant scale. Everybody knew that a majority of a reasonable size was assured, but hardly anybody was prepared for the appearance of the whole of the ministerial party in a compact and unbroken phalanx in the division. The discussion was not of a high order of interest, for the issue was not clearly defined and the conclusion was foregone. All the facts bearing on the subject were well known, so were the various inferences to be drawn from them, and so, too, were the tactical possibilities and the limits of party combination. The material for a great dramatic debate, therefore, was wanting. It is supposed that no fewer than one hundred prepared speeches remained unspoken, but nobody believes that any of those who rose in flushed coverts on each side whenever a neighbour resumed his seat, and failed after all to catch the Speaker's eye, had any new contribution to make. The struggle is not over. The stakes are too large, and the ultimate consequences to the rival parties too momentous, for the contest to be abandoned without effort upon effort. The battle of the franchise may after all, on the present occasion, be lost or won, not on the shore of the Thames, but by the banks of the Nile or of the Seine.

Meanwhile the Leeds programme has been justified by events: franchise first, without redistribution, and at the beginning of the session; then the better government of London; and whatever other measures the Ministers may think expedient. That was the Leeds forecast, and the result has shown the wisdom of the calculation. The state of Parliamentary business proves only too plainly that to have placed the Franchise Bill second to the London Bill, or to have added to it the endless complexities and the irritated interests of a Bill for Redistribution would have been to make it for this session an impossibility, and for the next a thing of doubtful probability. The manner of the acceptance of the measure by the more active portions of the constituencies proves the confidence of the general expectation on the subject, and the chagrin that would have been caused by any default or tardiness in respect of it. The inclusion of Ireland may still turn out to have given something of a shock to politicians who are nothing if not circumspect, and who of course make their influence felt at the polls. It is to be observed, however, that politicians of such typical moderation as Mr. Walter, have not hesitated to declare themselves in favour of what some have found a paradox and a scandal. Mr. Walter does not "care two straws whether thirty or forty more Home Rulers are returned or not;" on the contrary, he thinks it much better that the country should face the problem of Home Rule in all its force, and that the two nations should confront one another foot to foot, and on a four-square base.

In Parliament a vigorous and persistent attempt will no doubt be made to invent and to secure checks and guarantees to counterbalance this and other democratic provisions of the enfranchising Bill. An interim device to hinder the mischief that is apprehended, is the proposal that the extended franchise shall not be operative until it has been followed by a

redistribution of seats. But at present the general opinion is so strong against anything tending to delay an extension of the franchise for which the public mind on both sides has been perfectly ripe for the last six or ten years, that the common expectation is that the majority against Mr. Grey's amendment to the above effect will not be appreciably less decisive than the majority against the corresponding proposal for delay which was defeated on April 8. To a neutral observer,—if a personage so little valued in the active world should continue to exist,—the position of those who share Mr. Goschen's misgivings, and who sympathise with the aim of an amendment like Mr. Grey's, must be one of the most interesting problems on the surface of politics. Mr. Goschen, with a courage that may well have caused sharp searchings of heart in some around him, offered a direct resistance from the very first to the creation of two million fresh voters without security and without new qualification. Will his resistance become in time a rallying point, the nucleus round which, by and by, the mutinous atoms will collect? Or will he be left stranded, a Cato to whom the lost cause is as dear as victory is to gods on the front bench? If there were no constituencies, the answer would be certain; but with constituencies having minds of their own, whatever we may think of it, and whether we like it or not, the case is altered, and less and less room seems to be left for the policy of stemming the tide. That, in truth, is what people mean by talking of the democratic age in which we live; the tide declines to be stemmed, and for good or ill, democracy will have to be left to work its perfect work. But there will be pauses and moments of fatigue, when the majority may choose rest with thankfulness. The question is whether, when that mood comes, its organ in public affairs will be the Conservative party pure and simple, or moderate Conservatives reinforced

by moderate Liberals, or moderate Liberals severed from their more ardent allies. Which is the great main body of modern Liberalism, and which is the wing? Time was when the Radicals were the wing, and a wing not attached by bonds of any remarkable affectionateness. Is it so still? Or has time turned them into the main army, and their old masters into a sort of high-class camp-followers? Only time can show, but we may be sure that the matter will be tested by inevitable circumstance, and tested not very much later than the day when the present Prime Minister shall give up the helm, whenever that may be. These are the issues which the Franchise Bill is preparing, and on which the speeches of Mr. Goschen on the one hand, and Mr. Chamberlain on the other, might well have made men reflect. The pregnant hints of these two speeches respectively are more important than the official cuts and thrusts of a regulation debate, and even more important than the exact figures of a particular majority.

As the Easter holidays have filled half of the month, no new illustrations have been furnished of the difficulties under which the Parliamentary machine now labours. Mr. Gladstone did indeed, at the beginning of the month, in an outburst of the most singular and crushing vehemence, remonstrate with his opponents for forcing the House of Commons to spend seventeen nights out of two months on Egypt. But whatever we may think of that particular instance, the conviction spreads that it is not the spirit of faction that hinders Parliament, but inadequate rules and a superannuated procedure. Mr. Forster described the causes of the mischief candidly and truly in his speech at Leeds (April 17). "We cannot," he said, "put it all upon the action of parties, nor can we say that much of the delay of this year is due to the action even of gentlemen from Ireland." They have asked innumerable but trifling questions on

Government nights, still they have otherwise taken very little part indeed.

"Well, then," says Mr. Forster, "we must not throw the blame altogether upon either party. It results very much from the fact that our work has outgrown our machinery. If I may use an illustration that strikes home to my own business and to many of yours, How could we get on, when we get orders which have to be executed quickly, with the speed and machinery of former days? There have been inventions in looms and spinning boxes, which now go quicker than they did, and so, too, the demands on the time and labour of the House of Commons are far above what they used to be. We have more interests that require legislation, and there is an immense number of foreign and colonial questions which Parliament has to consider, for you must not expect that Parliament will give up its control and criticism over those questions. These are great and important matters, which Parliament is elected to deal with. And now, taking these facts into consideration, just look at the present absurd arrangements with regard to business."

He then described what the arrangements are, but the only suggestion that he made was that the putting of questions should be limited to one night, and that night should be Tuesday, so that whatever time was lost should be lost by private members, and not by the Government. Mr. Forster admitted that this alone would not be enough, and that many other changes in procedure would be necessary, as in fact everybody knows to be the case. But when may we expect the time and the man for undertaking a task which is more difficult in detail, as it is not much less important in general effect, even than reforms in the electoral constitution of Parliament?

We are now so accustomed to hear of the condition of our Egyptian affairs being critical, that it is almost ludicrous to say that this time a crisis cannot be far off. It seems as if Mr. Gladstone's hopeful assurances at the Mansion House the last Lord Mayor's Day had been made in the last century, so rapid has been the hurry of events. Only the other day the policy

was to leave the government entirely in the hands of the Egyptians, with such moderate external control in the hands of Sir Evelyn Baring as had previously been exercised by England and France. "The result," says a competent witness, not over friendly to such a policy, "would have been the re-establishment of the authority of the Khedive under the fairly benevolent, if despotic, government of Riaz Pasha, the fellah being neither better nor worse off than formerly." That policy, however, was formally abandoned in the despatch of January 4, when Lord Granville announced that, whoever might be Egyptian Minister, he would have to take his orders from England. The consequent resignation of Sherif marked the end of the plan of governing Egypt by Egyptians according to Egyptian ideas. Then came the plan of governing by English ideas and English men, with an Egyptian figure-head. Nubar is not an Egyptian, but he is an Oriental, and that was thought to come near enough. Such a duplicated arrangement clearly needed, above all things, tact in the men who were to work the machinery. To Nubar was appended that particular Englishman who had already become notorious beyond all other men in the whole imperial service for the most impracticable want of tact. Here is an admirer's picture of Mr. Clifford Lloyd: "He possesses indomitable energy and courage; he is thoroughly in earnest; and he attacks an abuse like a bull, utterly regardless of all obstacles. Political considerations and personal susceptibilities he does not consider to be within his province." It is not surprising that a gentleman of this peculiar stamp should have in six weeks not only come to loggerheads with an important English colleague, but have made things so hot for Nubar, that the pasha who was to stand for Orientalism in the new Anglo-Egyptian control should have speedily desired to resign his post (April 7). The breach was tempo-

rarily repaired, but Nubar is practically played out, his resignation may take place to-morrow morning, and the policy of which he was a symbol seems as good as dead. The policy of the despatch of January 4 will either have to be retracted, and Riaz or Sherif recalled on their own terms, or else when Sir E. Baring returns to Cairo, he will go as being to all intents and purposes the English Lieutenant-Governor. The rank is easily bestowed on paper, and the English colony in Egypt are said to be clapping their hands at the prospect. But many things will have to happen before then, as we may be very certain that many formidable things will happen after.

In the Soudan the British force has been withdrawn from Souakim, and its place taken by Egyptian troops, accompanied by half a dozen young English officers. What would happen in case Osman Digna should again appear on the scene, it is well not to inquire. Nor need we inquire how Egyptian finances will be repaired by the cost of these troops, and of the expedition, of which the entire expense has not fallen on England, though the Khedive wished to be rid of Souakim, and it is retained for English and not for Egyptian purposes. As for the fruits of the Souakim expedition, what they are, no man can say. The same improvident deference to the foolish and uncalculating sentiment of the instant sent General Gordon to Khar-toum, and we are now feeling the consequences of intrusting serious business to a man who is apt to work by miracle and inspiration, instead of trusting to homelier instruments. The miracle that General Gordon promised has missed fire, and the fate of the Government, and more important things than that, hang upon the fortunes of a hero whose qualities, noble and romantic as they are on one side, are, from more prosaic points of view, such as nobody would care to describe in plain language at a moment like this. But let us be just. It was

never in General Gordon's mind that he was to work his miracle subject to every capricious condition that might be imposed on his operations by the fitful impulses of superficial opinion in Great Britain. Yet the first request that he made, not a request for men or for money, but for the services of a man of whom some influential people in England happened to disapprove, was peremptorily set aside, because the Government believed that the British public would not stand Zebehr.

The exact position at Khartoum is obscure, the rumours are conflicting, and it is impossible to measure with confidence the proportions of the danger; whether Gordon's own life and position are secure, and whether the great movement of the insurgents is likely to become almost in a few days a menace to Lower Egypt itself. At the moment, the story is that an Anglo-Egyptian force is to be sent to Berber as fast as may be, and the gloomiest tidings are apprehended. We are now in a position to compare the two policies that were open in December. One was to let the Soudan go; to prepare for defence at Wady Halfa, or whatever other frontier was definitely fixed; and to leave the garrisons to make terms for themselves (as the governor of Berber is not afraid of doing even now). The other was to despatch a hero to work a miracle. Jingoes, bondholders, philanthropists, all manner of harum-scarum scribes in newspapers, raised a loud shout for the miracle. Then some of the same species promptly turned round on the hero; they scolded him for his slavery-proclamation; they scolded him for wishing to have Zebehr, and confuted him out of his own mouth by unfavourable opinions expressed by him about Zebehr when he was in the Soudan before. The very people who are now teasing the Government for their inattention to Gordon, were then teasing the Government into refusing Gordon's request for Zebehr. We see what has come of that. The country and the Govern-

ment have reason already, and will soon have better reason still, to rue the hour when they allowed themselves to be driven into forgetting that calculation, conditions of cause and effect, relations of means to ends, providence in its poor human and secular sense, are all of them still good for something in the world, even in a crisis.

In the background of the Egyptian question constantly looms the figure of France. There is, and there from the first has ever been, the great dominating consideration. The closer we are brought by events to a crisis in Egypt, military, political, or financial, the clearer is it that we cannot settle it without and against, France. No swagger nor bluster, no words of whatever violence, can soften that impenetrable fact. As soon as ever there are signs of the English Government wishing, as well they may, for an escape from our present thankless and burdensome position, at the first token of it the French journalist raises his head and warns us of the troubles that are to come.

Parisian journals of less repute than the *Débats* have taken up the cry, and they have done so for the obvious reason that the time has come, or is rapidly coming when France is called upon to speak, if she is ever to speak at all. Egypt must have a loan of eight millions sterling, more or less,—four and a half of it due for the Alexandria indemnities, no inconsiderable portion of these redoubtable claims being notoriously of the nature of pure swindles. The loan cannot be raised without the sanction of France, among other Powers. No brag nor bounce will dislodge her from that position. What is the use of our talking and acting as if this solid fact were a dream and an illusion that we might dispel if we chose to open our eyes? This is only one illustration of the way in which our hands are tied in Egypt, and no Gordian sword can cut the knot for us. It is highly important, Mr. Goschen said, in his speech in February, that

the English public should understand, and understand thoroughly, that the withdrawal of England does not mean *carte blanche* to the National Party. That is quite true, and it is just as important that the English public should understand what is no less true, that our retention of Egypt does not mean *carte blanche* to England. It has been put before, but Sir William Harcourt was quite right in recalling this at Derby the other day:—

"I would ask you to consider in your own interests the absolute impracticability of England permanently administering Egypt, which means setting aside the native government altogether. Everything done in Egypt is almost as if it were done upon the continent of Europe. Other countries have rights there; all the important continental countries have equal rights in Egypt with yourselves under their capitulations, under their international tribunals, and you are called upon therefore to administer a government under these conditions—that all other countries of Europe will have a right to call you to account for your administration through their international tribunals, through their control over the finance of Egypt, which, after all, is the basis of all government. That is an enormous difficulty in administering Egypt. If you are to administer Egypt, in my opinion, you will embark yourselves in a perpetual European quarrel."

And a quarrel most certainly with the very Power with whom it is most to our interest to keep on decently comfortable terms. The quarrel may not be to-day, nor to-morrow, but it will come one day, and in the meantime in every question that comes up—the Congo, the deportation of hardened criminals, or whatever the question may be—we shall have to encounter keen and irritated prepossessions. The English press has not had many hints of what is going on in Morocco. But the evidence is clear that doings are afoot in Morocco which look remarkably like a prelude to the reproduction of the Tunisian episode. The interpretation is that if we install ourselves at one end of the Mediterranean, France will plant herself in a peculiarly inconvenient spot for us at the other end.

Nobody asks that we shall go cap in hand to France, but any solution that leaves consideration, and careful consideration, for her views out of account, will raise more difficulties than any that it may seem to settle.

In their own more immediate difficulties, the French Government have been successful. The French troops have been victorious in the Far East, and are at last masters of the Delta of the Songkoi. Tonquin is now French, and French it is likely to remain. The fact, we may notice, is not without its bearing on the affairs of Egypt, for the French are already borrowing our own trick of argument, and talking of the importance of Egypt as on the road to Indo-China. Whether China will pay the indemnity demanded as a punishment for aiding the Black Flags to resist, or will prefer to fight, still remains to be seen. The commotion inside the Chinese Government is painfully lively, as the presence of a hornet might well perturb a hive of bees. To the French their successes may be more mischievous in the long run than defeat would have been, for the victors will be ultimately saddled with a large and burdensome dependency. Meanwhile the nation is content. The French premier having gone to the south to unveil a statue of Gambetta at his birthplace, Cahors, made a speech at Périgueux, in which he declared that in no part of the world would France allow her legitimate interests to be tampered with. This may mean nothing, or it may mean anything, depending on the amount of emphasis laid on the word legitimate. The French press seem for the most part to have understood the drift in a pacific and conciliatory signification. The true sense will be imparted by circumstances, and M. Ferry is not yet secure enough in the ministerial saddle to be master of circumstances, to turn them to peace or war at his own will.

Among other things that he said at Périgueux, M. Jules Ferry, who has

held office for the unprecedented period of eighteen months, warned his hearers of the mischiefs that would follow if ministerial power were to change hands every other day. Italy has hitherto been almost as conspicuous an example of the failure of continental assemblies to secure a decent continuity in the executive as France; but the comparatively long duration of the Mancini-Depretis Ministry has led to the hope that a means had been found of making governments something firmer than ropes of sand. The centrifugal forces are again proving too strong. Just as in Spain not long ago the want of cohesion in the factions of the Cortes led to the return to power of S. Canovas del Castillo and the Right, so disunion among the groups that supported the coalition in Italy has ended in a move towards the Right and alienation from the Left. In Italy, however, such transformations are less significant and less sinister than they are in Spain, where the reactionary party are pursuing the reactionary methods so well known in the Peninsula. The conduct of the Italian Government in compelling the Congregation of the Propaganda, like other ecclesiastical corporations, to convert their real property into a charge upon the Italian funds has continued to exacerbate feeling in ecclesiastical circles. The activities of the Propaganda are to be transferred to centres in other lands, and the old story has been revived that the Pope himself designs to leave the sacrilegious City and seek shelter with faithful Austria. Whether Austria would give a very hearty welcome to so august and powerful a guest is perhaps open to some question, for she would hardly choose, if she could help it, to be put in a position that would be disagreeable to her Italian ally.

April 24th.

There has been some simmering and bubbling in the cauldron of the Balkan Peninsula. The expiry of the term of Aleko Pasha's government in Eastern Roumelia has been made the occasion for a certain display of the sentiment in favour of union of Eastern Roumelia and the northern principality into a big Bulgaria. We are warned that an attempt roughly to suppress this sentiment might provoke resistance, and resistance might lead to all manner of formidable events of European importance. Of the really important parties, however, none is interested in disturbance just now, and things will go on as before, whether under Aleko, Rustem, or another. The elaborate and sumptuous hospitalities of the Sultan to the Austrian Crown Prince have impressed the imagination of those who can recall the secular antagonism between Vienna and Constantinople. They have excited some curiosity among the political gossips of Europe, as indicating the Sultan's sense of the urgency of looking for a friend in even the most unlikely quarter, in face of perils that may any day become imminent. The movements of friendship between Russia and Germany have attracted attention, and stimulated some of that random guesswork which is the favourite exercise of amateur diplomatists. There is a good deal of writing in the English papers as to the condition of Russia, the mixed despotism, impotence, and anarchy. It is only too probable that that government is in as wretched a state as these writers describe, but at the same time, it is just as well to remember that the oracles seem to belong, in one way and another, to the revolutionary faction, who may be in the right, but from whom it would be irrational to expect perfect candour and scrupulous accuracy.